MOON GIRL

MOON GIRL

10¢

NO. 5

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

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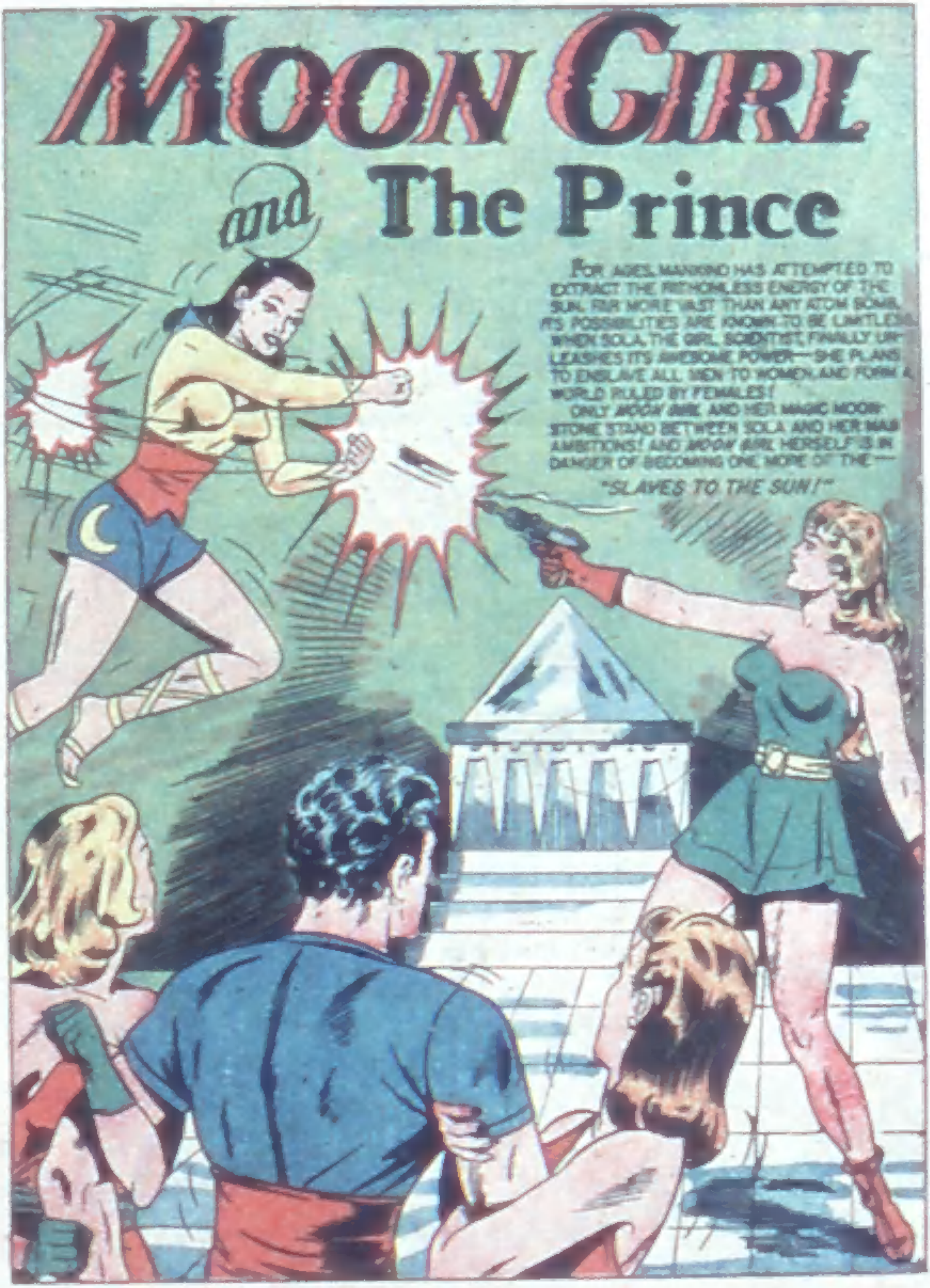
MOON GIRL and The Prince



A FISHING SCHOONER PITCHES IN THE TROUGH OF STORM-TOSSED WAVES
A SHIP TO THE STARBOARD SIDE! IT WILL TOSS US A LINE!

BUT INSTEAD OF A LINE, A BRILLIANT BEAM OF POWER FLASHES THROUGH THE MURK!
HEYYY! WHAT IS THAT THING?

WHATEVER IT IS—IT SMASHED OUR RUDDER! WE'RE HELPLESS!

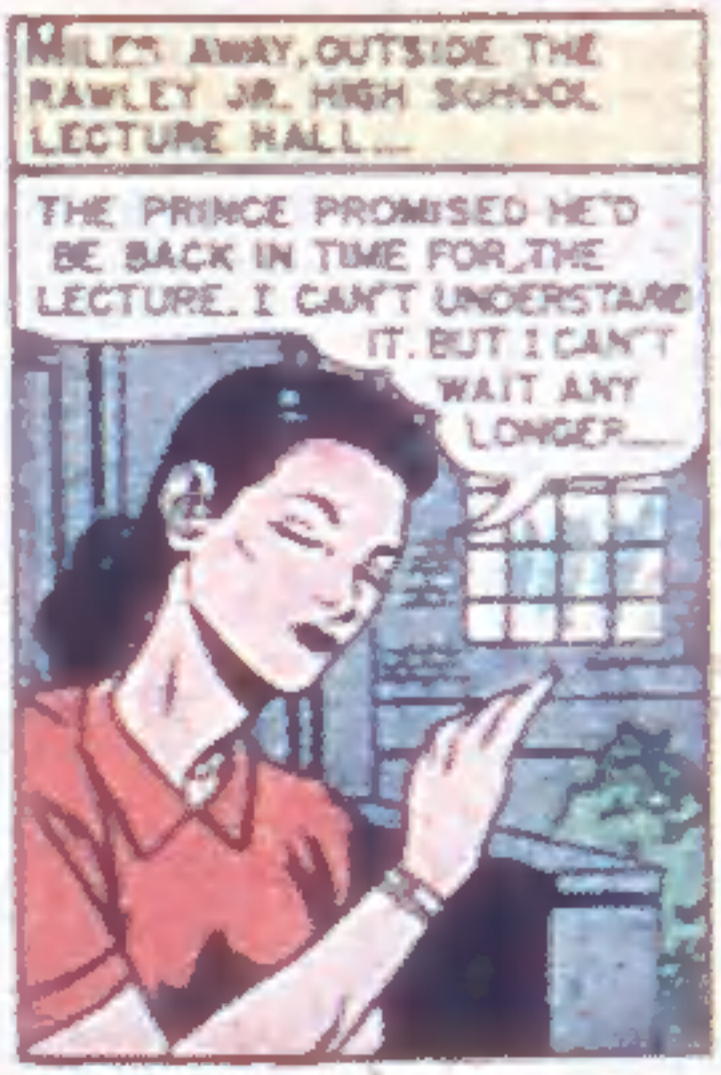
THAT SHIP IS FILLED WITH—GIRLS!
THEY LOOK LIKE PIRATES, ALL READY TO BOARD US!

LIKE ENRAGED PANTHERS, THE GIRLS WITH THE STRANGE DEVICE ON THEIR TUNICS ATTACK!
BOW TO THE SUN, YOU MEN!
THE SUN IS ALL-POWERFUL!
WHAT—?
HEYYY!

LIFT THE SLAVES ABOARD! SEE THAT THEY ARE COMFORTABLE FOR THE RETURN VOYAGE! AND THEN—

DESTROY THEIR VESSEL SO NONE WILL FIND IT!
A VIVID EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SKY AND AFTER THAT—ONLY THE SILENCE OF THE SEA AS THE FISHING BOAT SEEMS TO SINK!

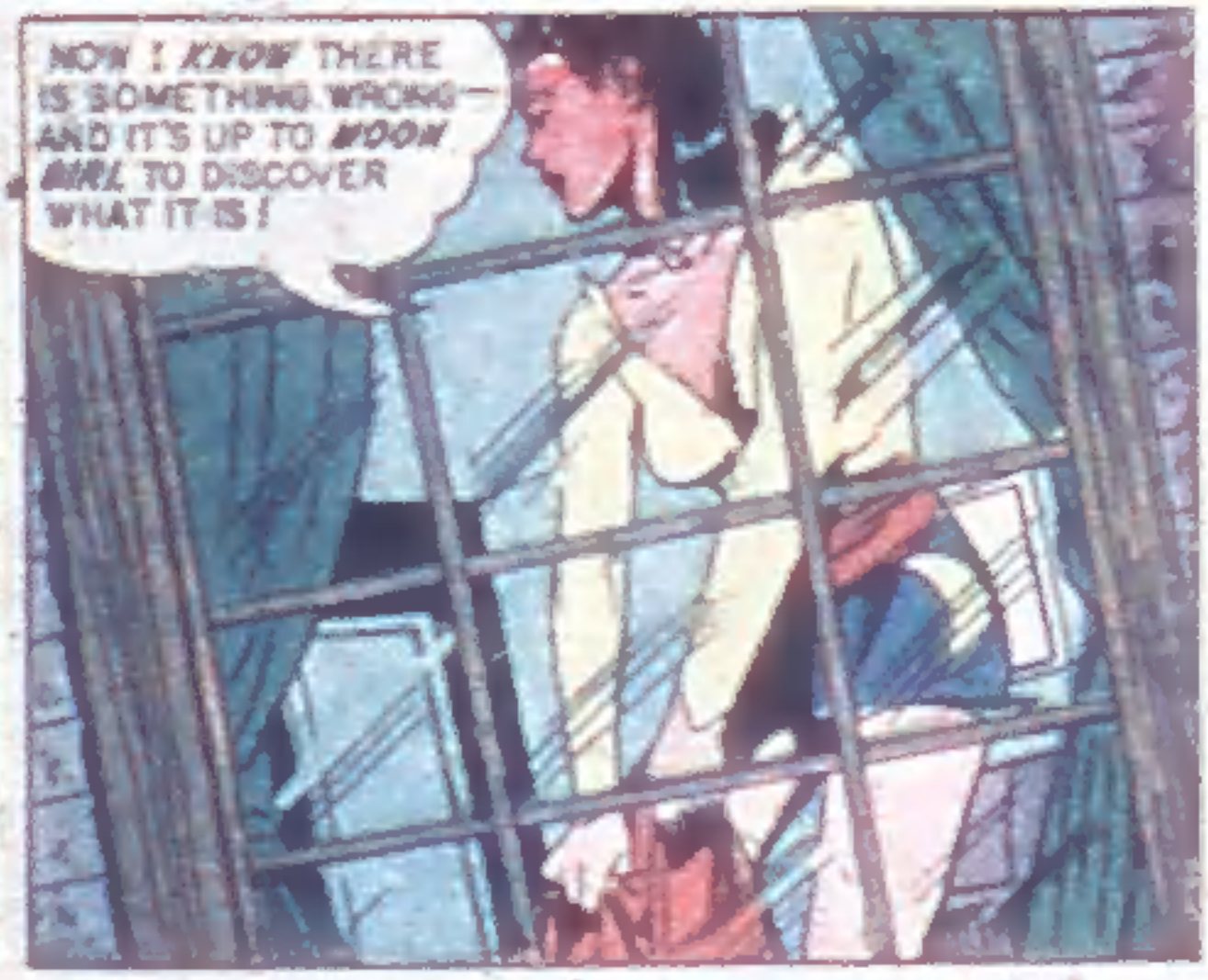
MOON GIRL


MILES AWAY, OUTSIDE THE RAWLEY JR. HIGH SCHOOL LECTURE HALL...
THE PRINCE PROMISED HE'D BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE LECTURE. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. BUT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER...

HOURS LATER, A WORRIED CLAIRE LUNE FRANTICALLY WORKS ON HER MOON PLANE, TRYING TO FORGET HER WORRY...
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM. I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT! HE'S NEVER FAILED TO MEET ME BEFORE! BUT I MUSTN'T THINK ABOUT THAT. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS WORK ON THE MOONPLANE...

I'LL TOUCH THE MOONSTONE TO THE VIEWING SCREEN. THE MAGIC VIBRATIONS OF THE MOONSTONE WILL REVEAL THE PRINCE TO ME!

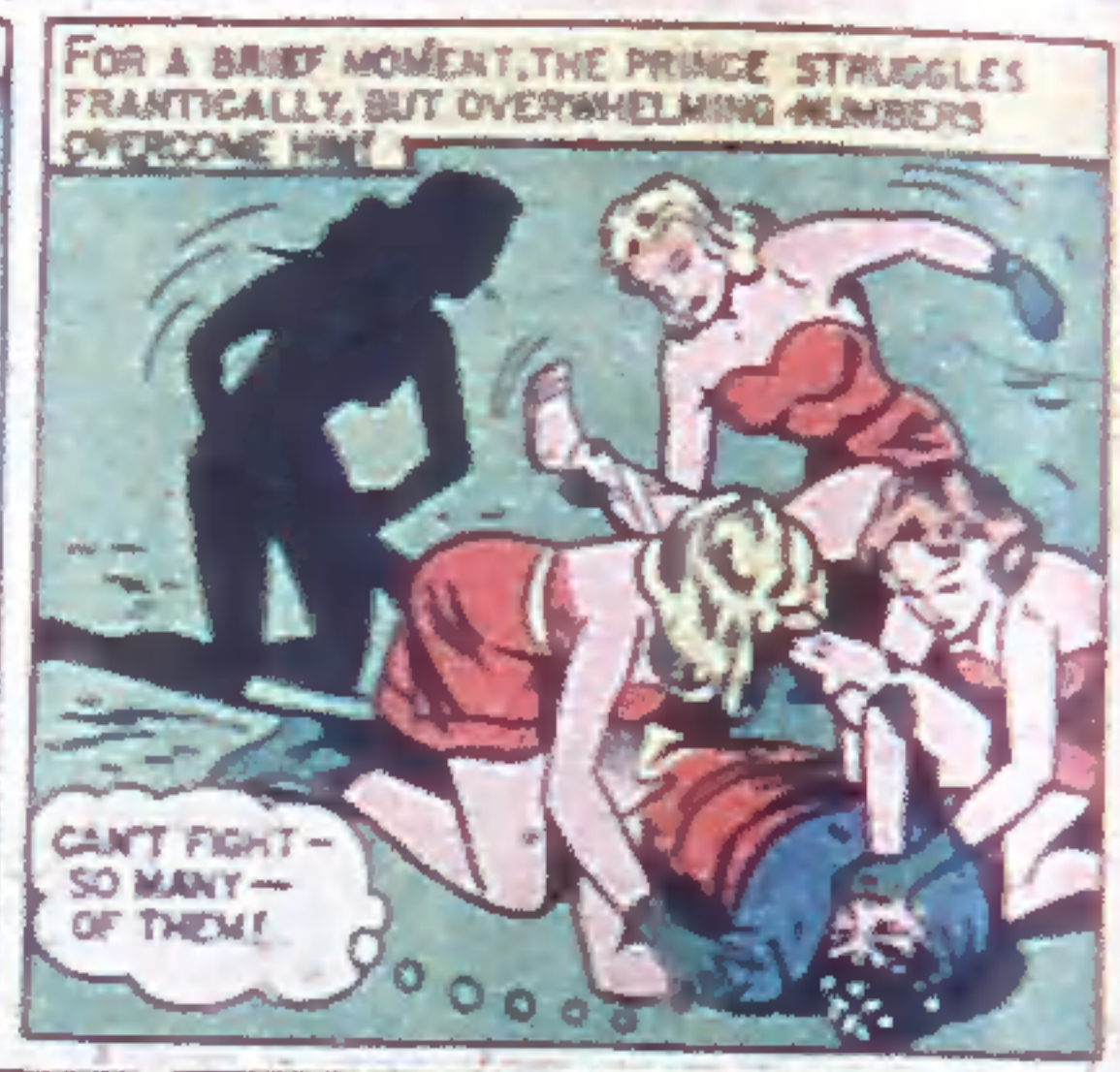
MOON GIRL CRIES OUT IN AMAZEMENT, FOR, AS SHE PLACES THE MOONSTONE TO THE SCREEN—THE SCREEN STAYS BLANK!
I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE SCREEN HAS NEVER FAILED ME BEFORE...


NOW I KNOW THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG—AND IT'S UP TO MOON GIRL TO DISCOVER WHAT IT IS!

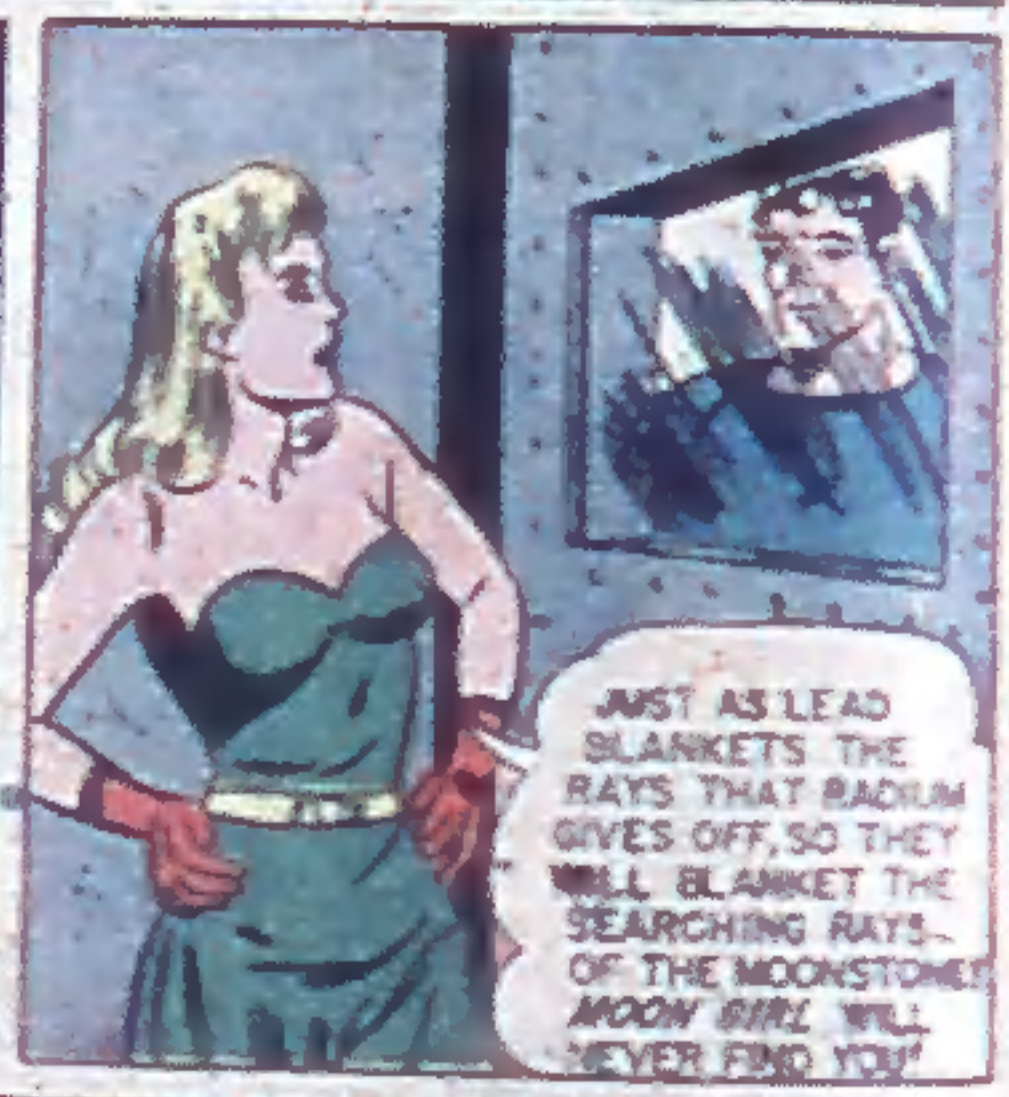
SECONDS LATER, THE MOONPLANE LIFTS FROM THE OPEN GARAGE ROOF...
IF I FIND THE PRINCE, IT WILL HAVE TO BE WITH VENUS' HELP!

ON SUN ISLAND, THE PRINCE AND THE OTHER MEN FROM THE FISHING SMACK FACE SOLA IN HER THRONE-ROOM...
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS MAD SCHEME! MOON GIRL WILL SEEK AND FIND YOU!
YOU ARE WRONG, PRINCE! NO ONE CAN STOP SOLA!

BUT TO MAKE SURE, WE WILL PUT YOU WHERE MOON GIRL AND HER MAGIC MOONSTONE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FIND YOU! TAKE HIM AWAY, GIRLS!


FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THE PRINCE STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY, BUT OVERWHELMING NUMBERS OVERCOME HIM!
CAN'T FIGHT — SO MANY — OF THEM!

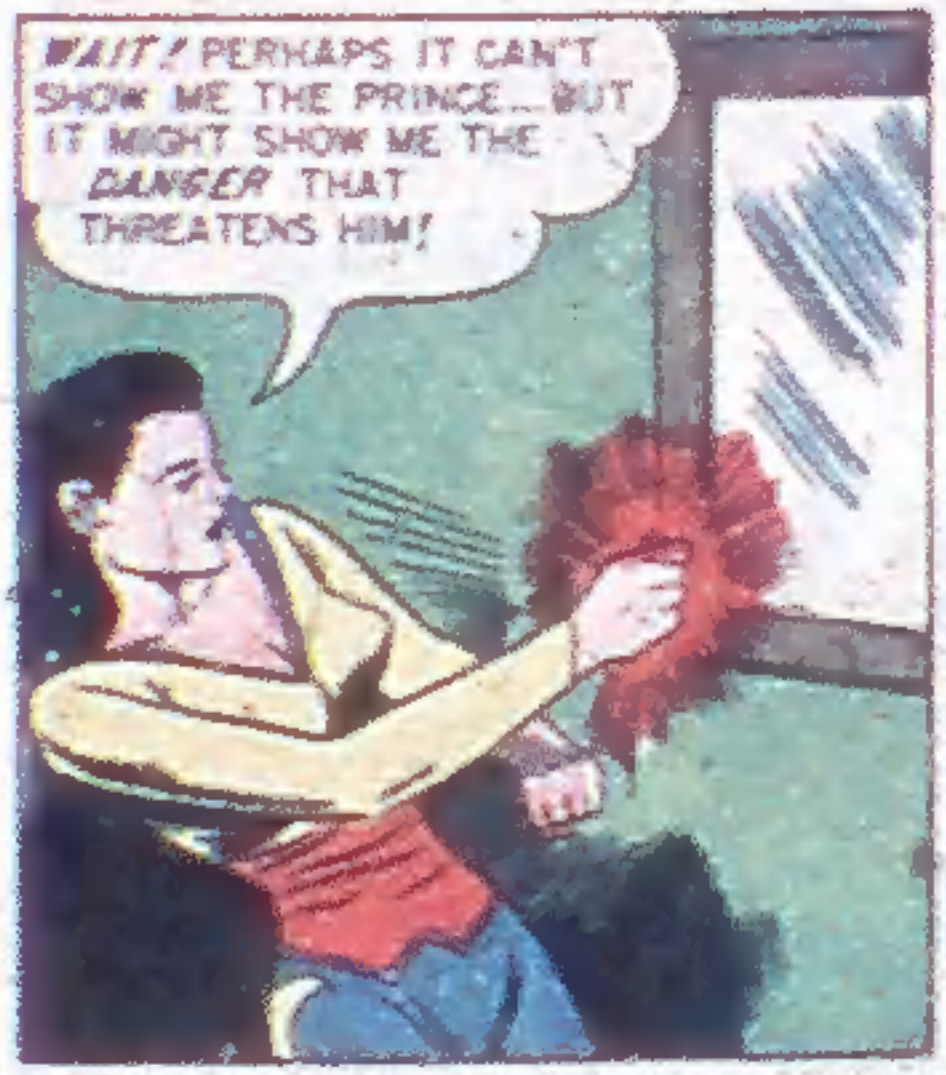
YOU SEE HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO OPPOSE SOLA?
MOON GIRL WILL FIND ME. I KNOW SHE WILL!

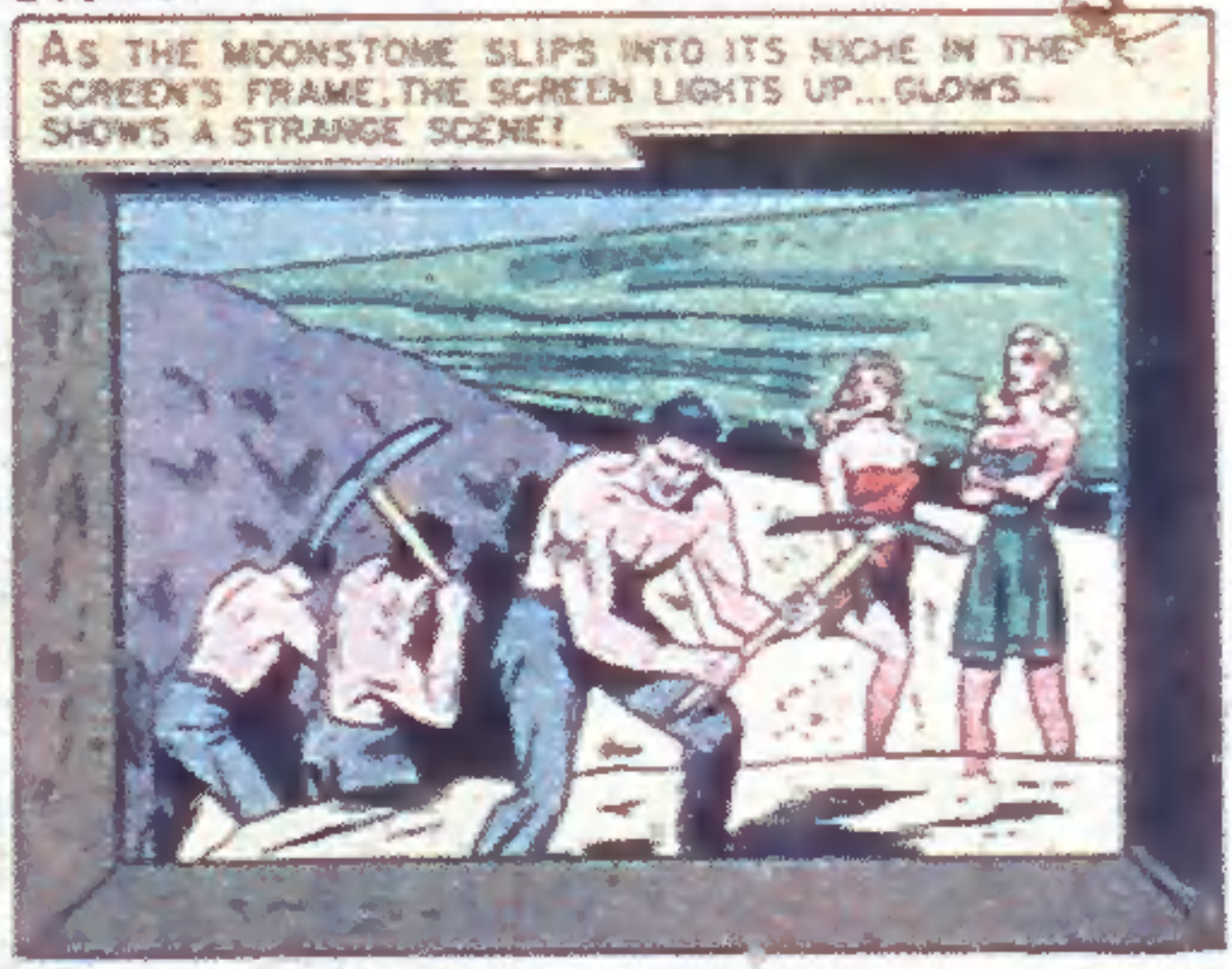

JUST AS LEAD BLANKETS THE RAYS THAT RADIUM GIVES OFF, SO THEY WILL BLANKET THE SEARCHING RAYS OF THE MOONSTONE! MOON GIRL WILL NEVER FIND YOU!

SOLA IS A FINE PROPHETESS! AT THAT MOMENT —
NO SIGN OF HIM! I'VE HUNTED EVERYWHERE!

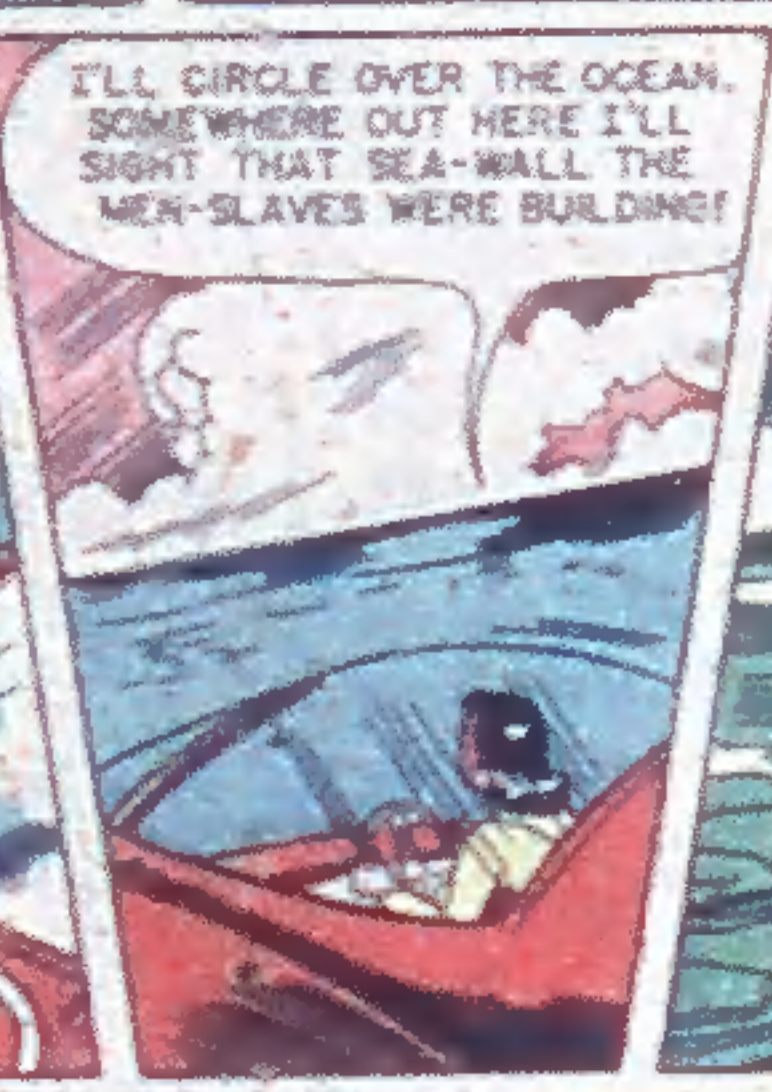
—SOB— THE PRINCE... GONE! NEVER SEE... HIM AGAIN... —SOB—

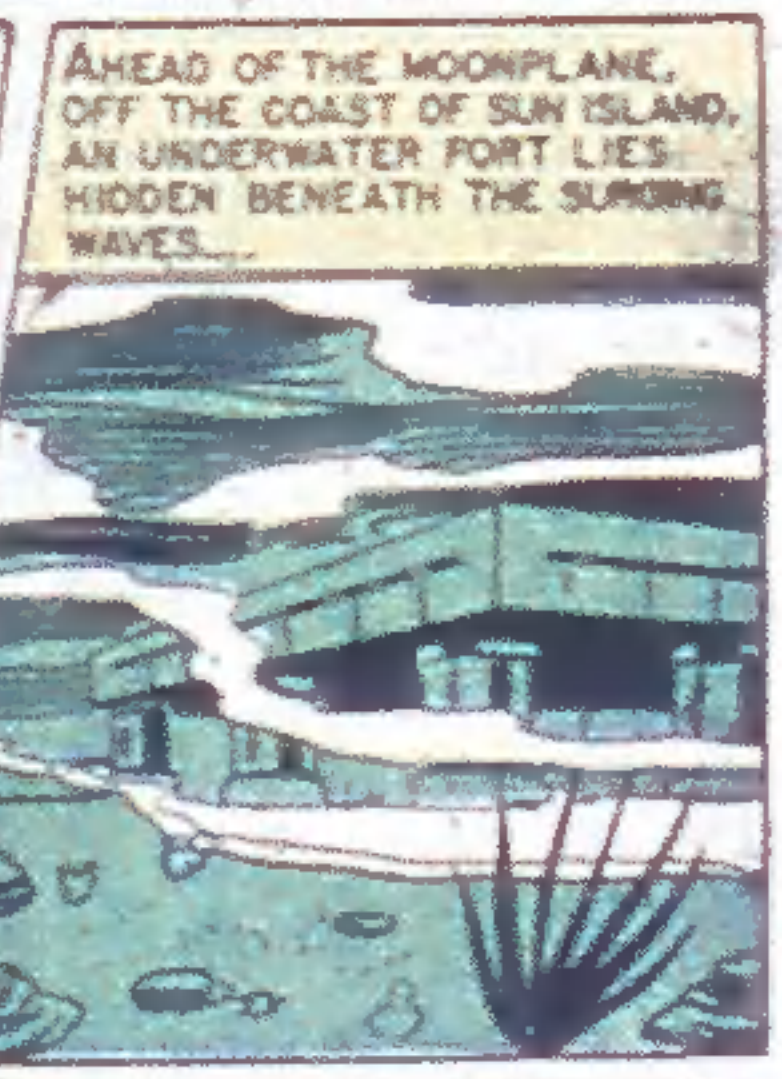
YOU'VE ALWAYS HELPED ME, MY MOONSTONE. BUT NOW, WHEN I NEED YOUR HELP THE MOST... YOU'VE FAILED ME!

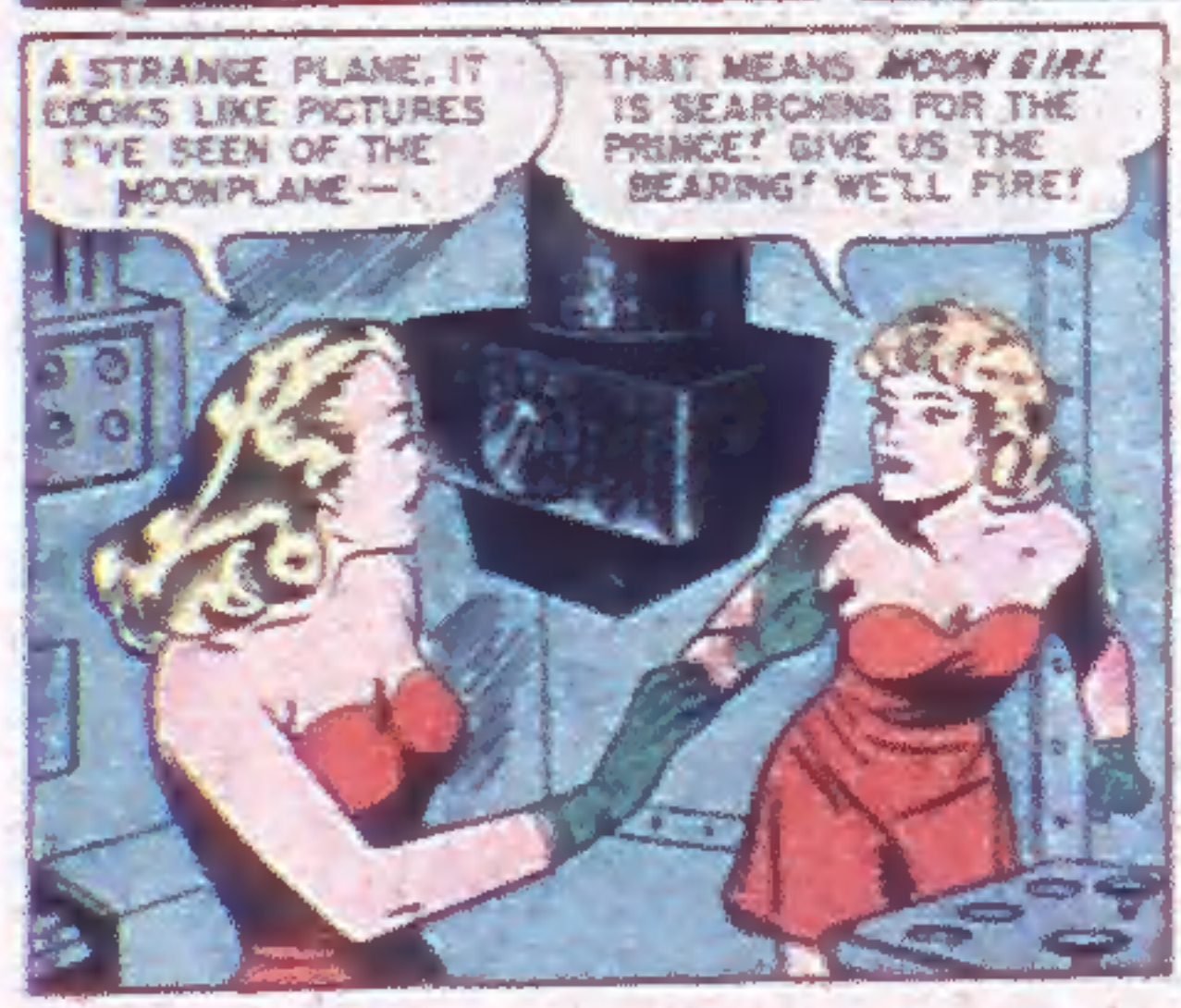

WAIT! PERHAPS IT CAN'T SHOW ME THE PRINCE... BUT IT MIGHT SHOW ME THE DANGER THAT THREATENS HIM!

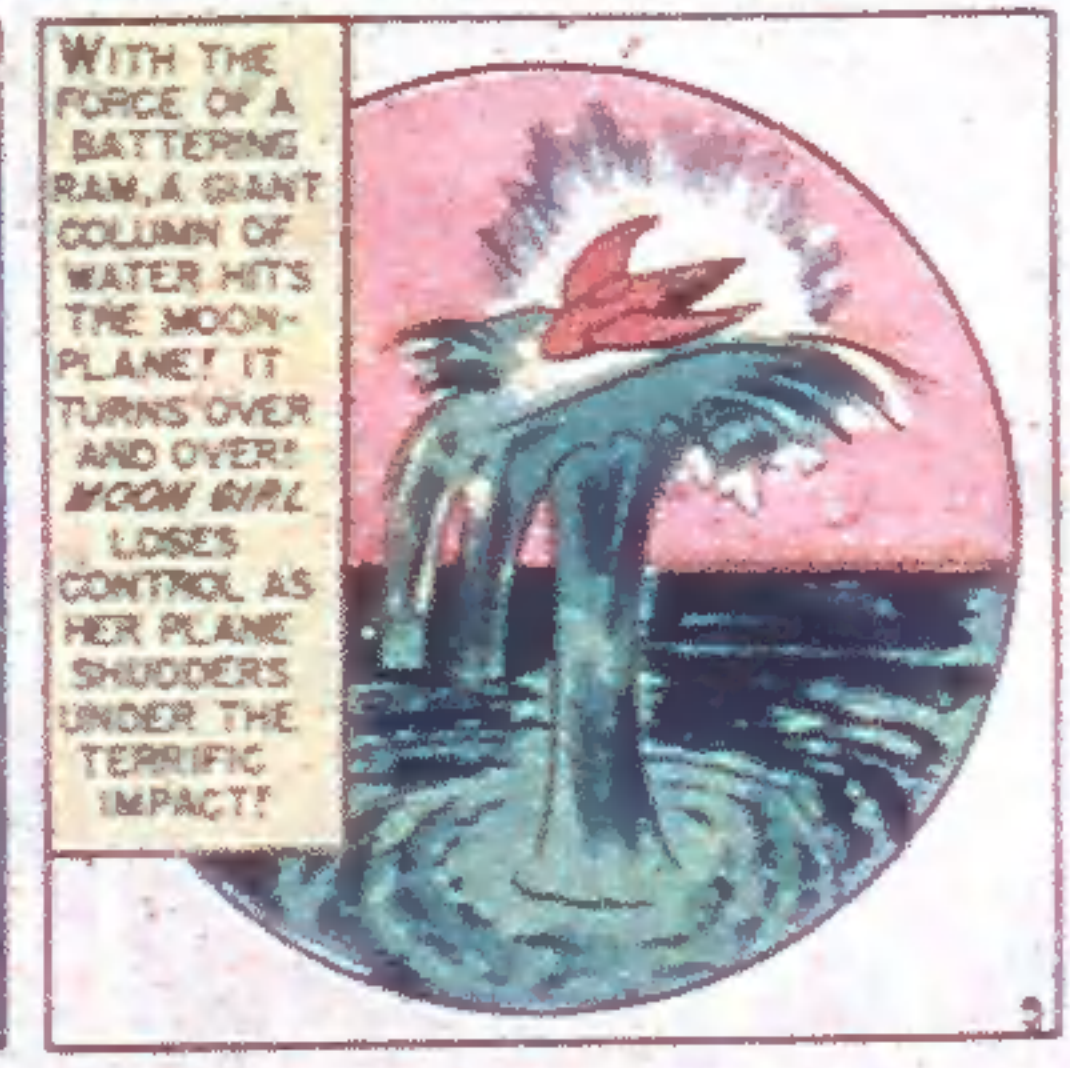

AS THE MOONSTONE SLIPS INTO ITS NICHE IN THE SCREEN'S FRAME, THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP... GLOWS... SHOWS A STRANGE SCENE!

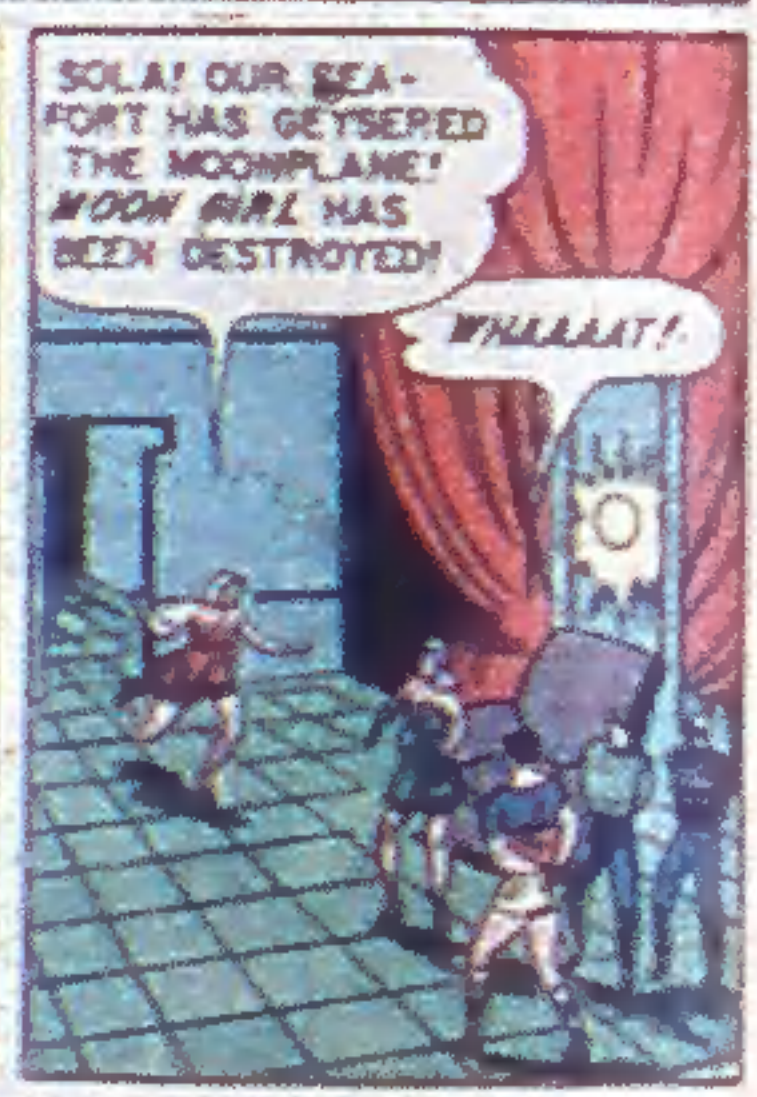
MEN IN CHAINS, LIKE SLAVES! I DIDN'T SEE THE PRINCE — BUT HE MUST BE THERE! THAT POUNDING SURF SHOWS IT'S NEAR THE SEA!


I'LL CIRCLE OVER THE OCEAN. SOMEWHERE OUT HERE I'LL SIGHT THAT SEA-WALL THE MEN-SLAVES WERE BUILDING!


AHEAD OF THE MOONPLANE, OFF THE COAST OF SUN ISLAND, AN UNDERWATER FORT LIES HIDDEN BENEATH THE SURGING WAVES...


A STRANGE PLANE. IT LOOKS LIKE PICTURES I'VE SEEN OF THE MOONPLANE —
THAT MEANS MOON GIRL IS SEARCHING FOR THE PRINCE! GIVE US THE BEARING! WE'LL FIRE!


WITH THE FORCE OF A BATTERING RAM, A GIANT COLUMN OF WATER HITS THE MOON-PLANE! IT TURNS OVER AND OVER! MOON GIRL LOSES CONTROL AS HER PLANE SHUDDERS UNDER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT!



HOW CAN THROWING A LEVER OVER IN HER MOONPLANE SAVE MOON GIRL'S LIFE? OR—HAS THE SHOCK OF HER DILEMMA SHATTERED HER MIND?

SLOWLY THE WINGS OF THE PLANE FOLD IN, A RUDDER AND PROPELLER SLIDE OUT, AND THE MOON-PLANE BECOMES A SUBMARINE! THE LONG HOURS OF TOIL HAVE PAID OFF FOR MOON GIRL!

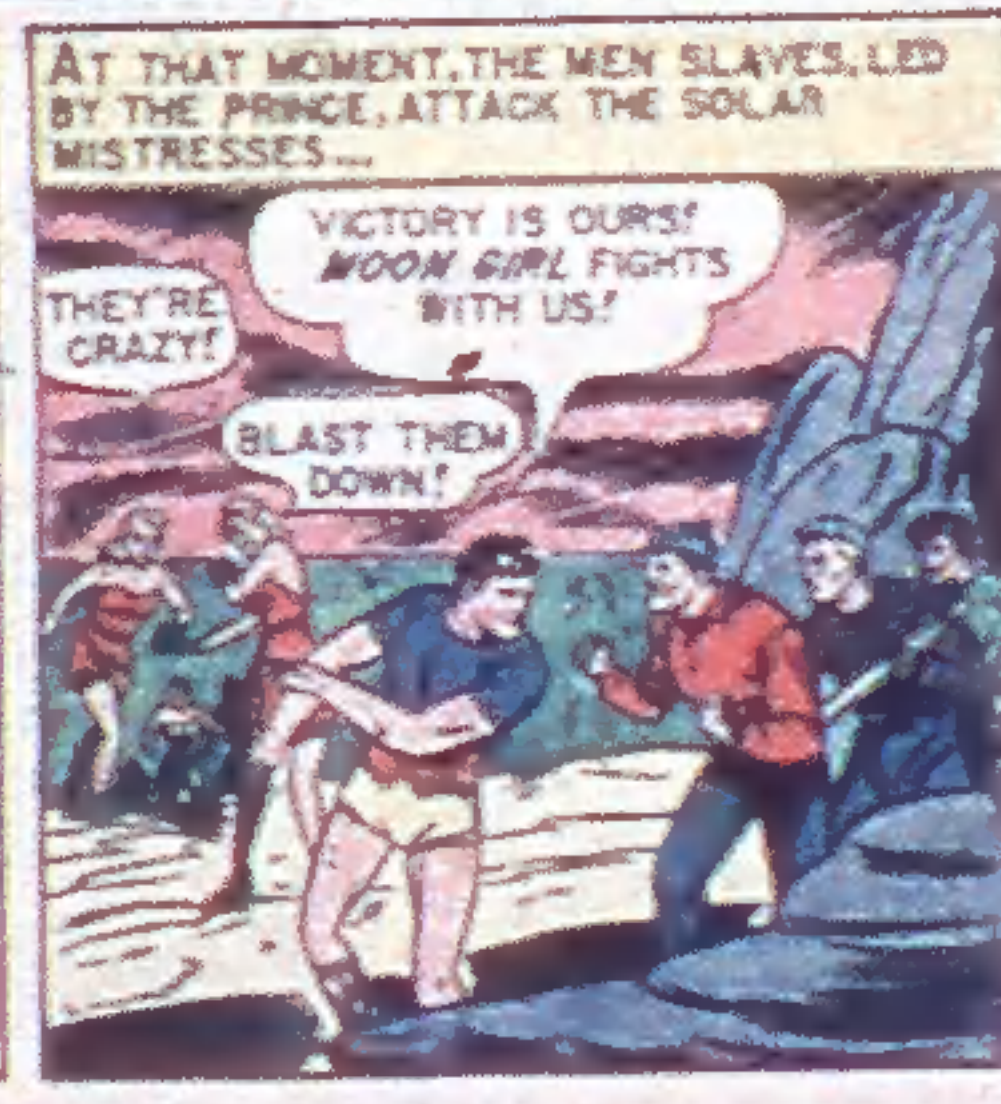
THE SUBMARINE APPROACHES THE ISLAND. CAREFULLY MOON GIRL STUDIES THE ROCKY COASTS, FINDS A SHELTERED SPOT AND LANDS...
MY FIRST TASK IS TO FIND THE PRINCE...

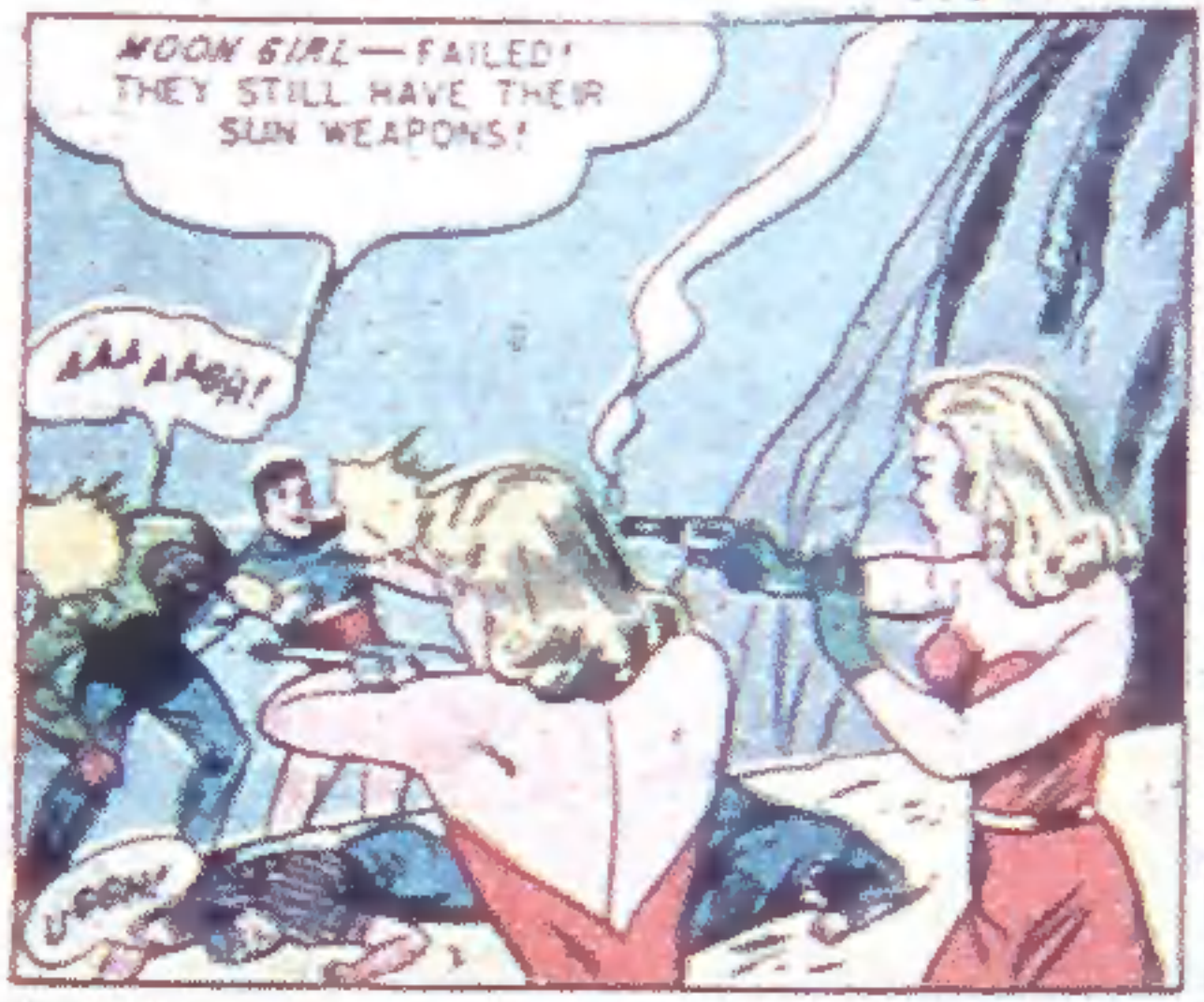
MOVING SO SWIFTLY THAT SHE SEEMS A DISEMBODIED SPIRIT, MOON GIRL DISCOVERS THE GRIM LEAD CELL...
MOON GIRL! THEY SAID YOU WERE—WERE DEAD!
A SLIGHT EXAGGERATION, PRINCE! WHILE I RIP THIS CELL OPEN, TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND THESE PARTS—

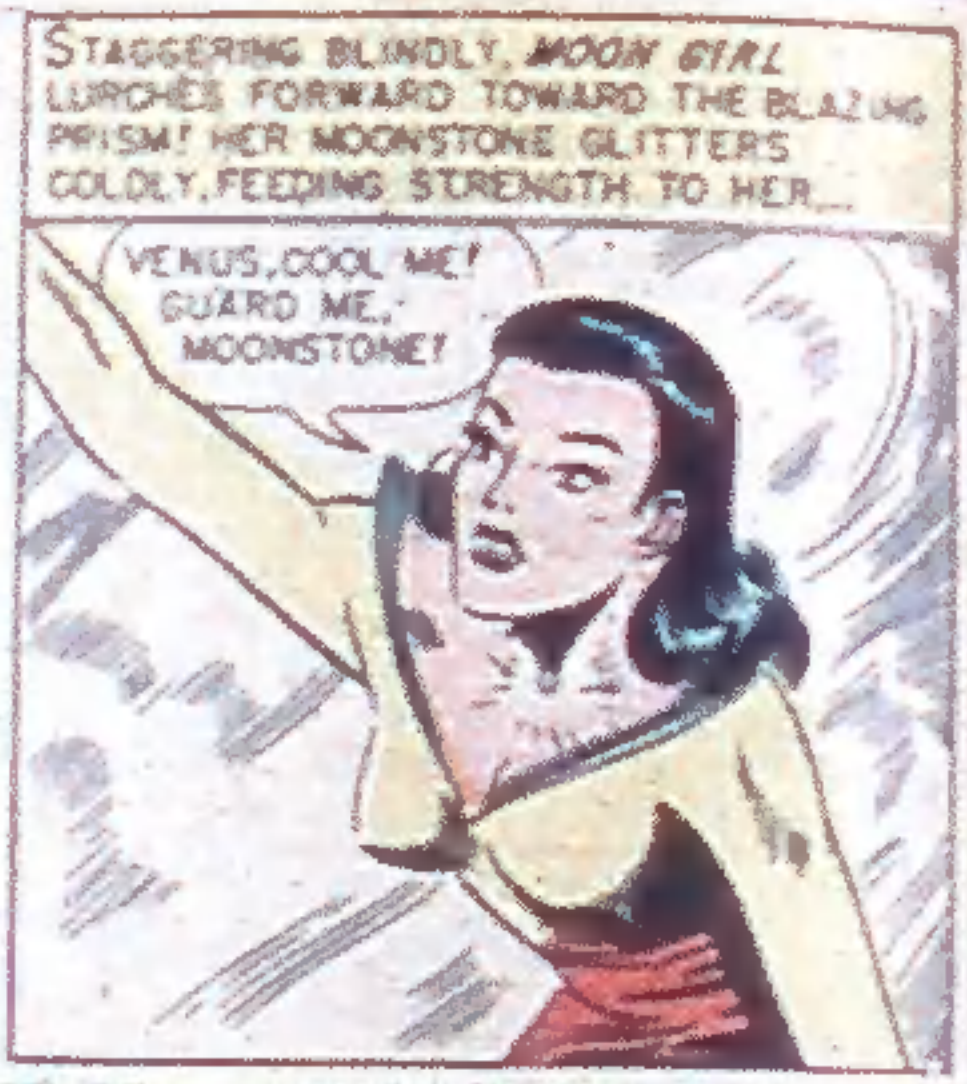
HER WEAPONS ARE BASED ON SOLAR POWER. THE SUN-GENERATORS ARE STORED IN THOSE LOW BUILDINGS AHEAD!
THEN I HAVE TO SMASH THEM... WHILE YOU GATHER THE MEN-SLAVES FOR AN ATTACK!

THAT GIANT PRISM MUST STORE UP SOLAR RAYS AND FEED IT TO THE MOTORS!

LIKE A GIANT HAND, GREAT HEAT WAVES BURST ON MOON GIRL, FLINGING HER BACK HELPLESS, ALMOST BLINDED...
OHHH! I CAN'T STAND—THAT HEAT! IT'S SHRIVELLING ME! BURNING ME! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REACH... THAT PRISM!


AT THAT MOMENT, THE MEN SLAVES, LED BY THE PRINCE, ATTACK THE SOLAR MISTRESSES...
THEY'RE CRAZY!
VICTORY IS OURS! MOON GIRL FIGHTS WITH US!
BLAST THEM DOWN!


MOON GIRL—FAILED! THEY STILL HAVE THEIR SUN WEAPONS!
AAA AAGH!
UGGH!

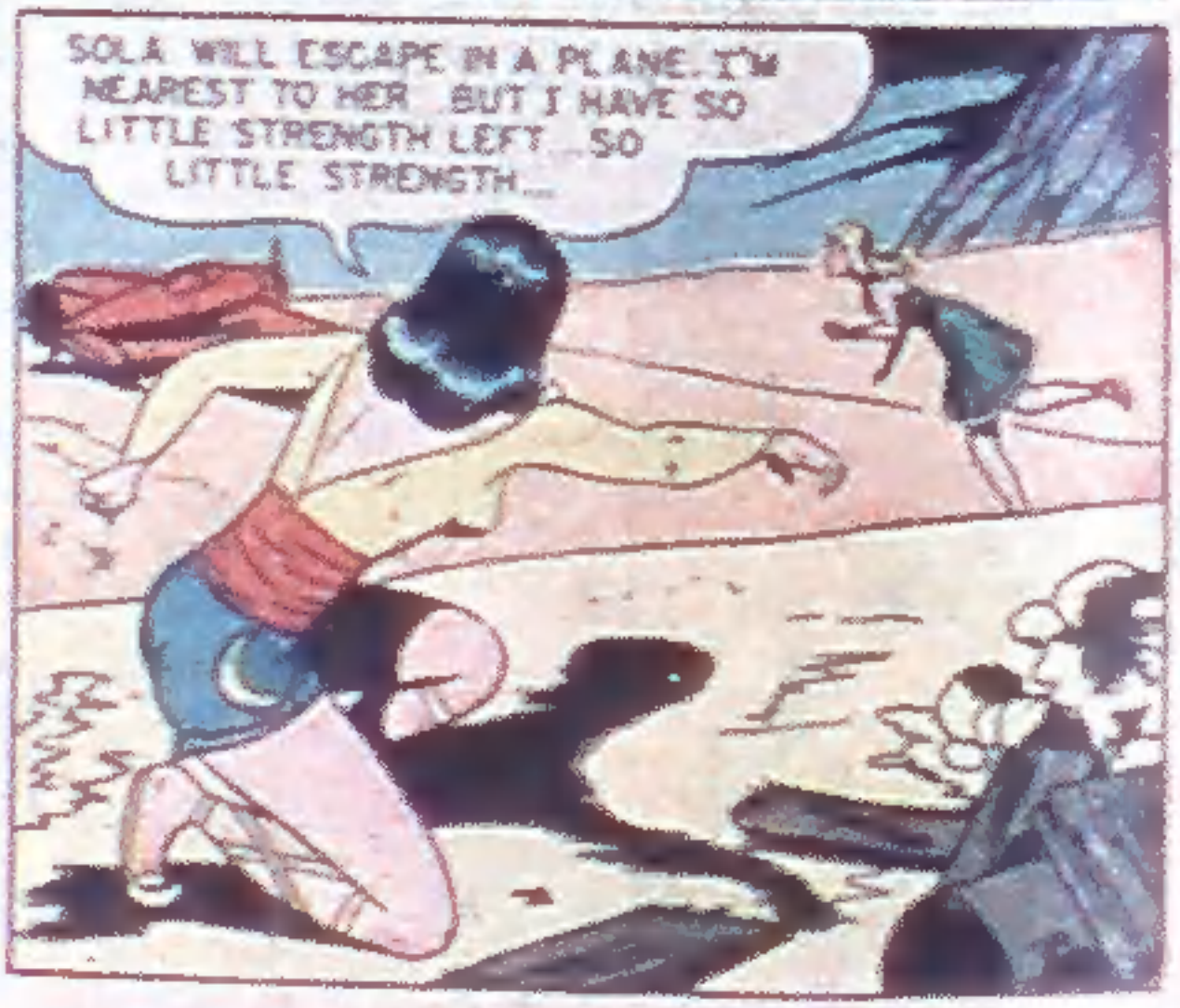

STAGGERING BLINDLY, MOON GIRL LURCHES FORWARD TOWARD THE BLAZING PRISM! HER MOONSTONE GLITTERS COLDLY, FEEDING STRENGTH TO HER...
VENUS, COOL ME! GUARD ME, MOONSTONE!

HIGH OVER HER HEAD SHE SWINGS THE SUN-POWDERED JEWEL...

AND THROWS IT!
BOOM

OUTSIDE—
THE BEAM-GUNS WON'T SHOOT! MOON GIRL HAS SMASHED THE POWER!
NOW WE'LL SHOW 'EM!
ARISE, SLAVES! ARISE!

THAT BLAST... WOULD HAVE KILLED ME... IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MY MOONSTONE...


SOLA WILL ESCAPE IN A PLANE. I'M NEAREST TO HER. BUT I HAVE SO LITTLE STRENGTH LEFT... SO LITTLE STRENGTH...

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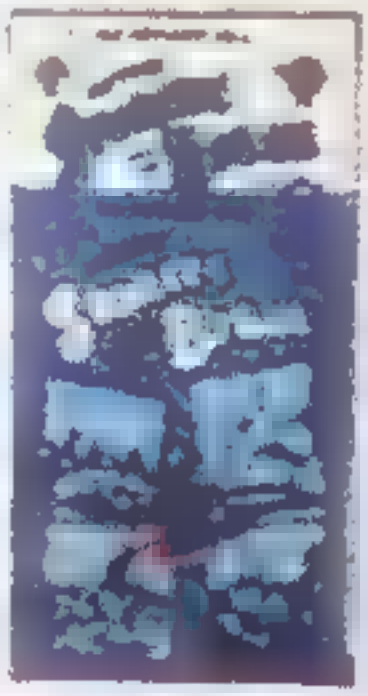

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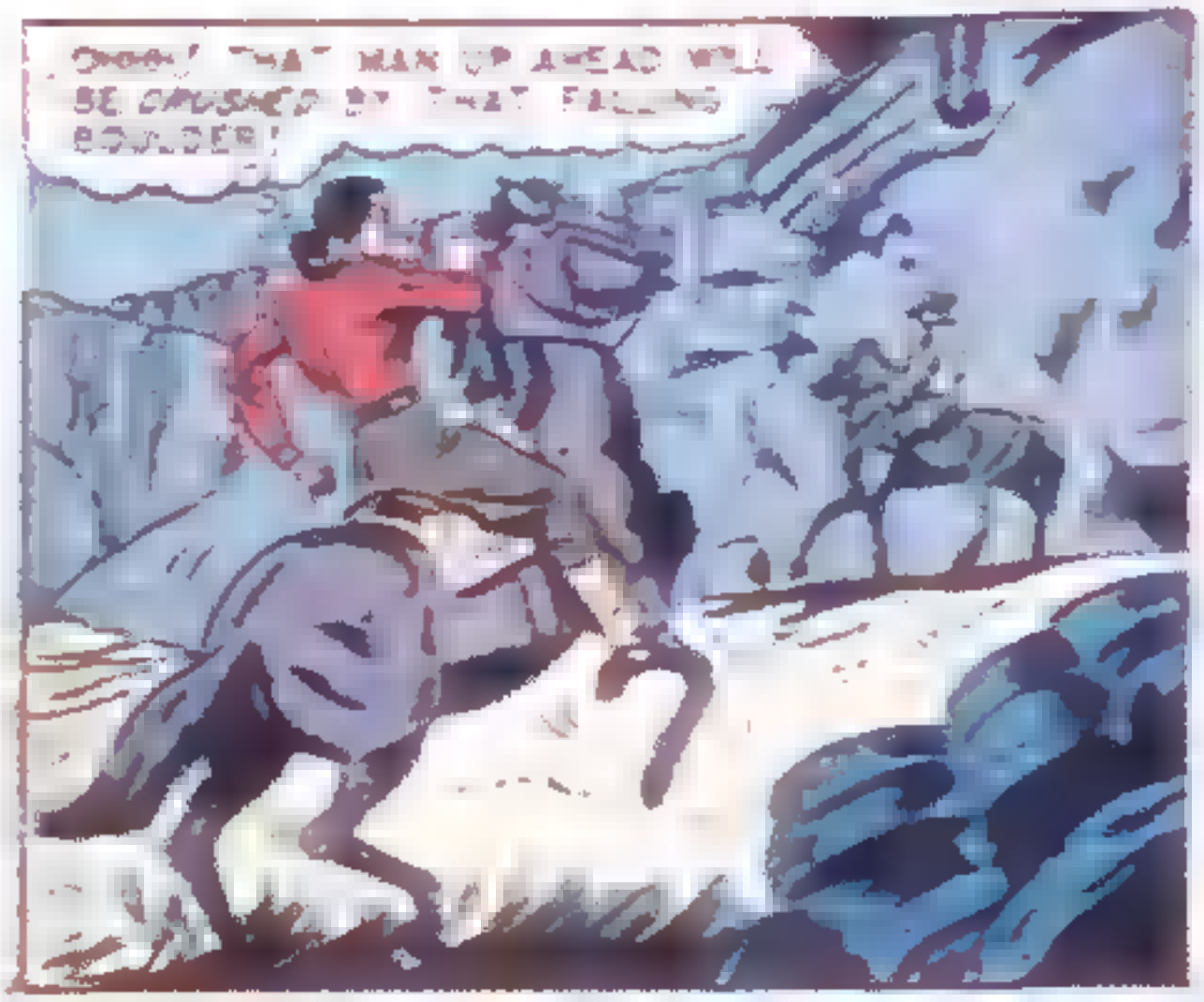
MOON GIRL

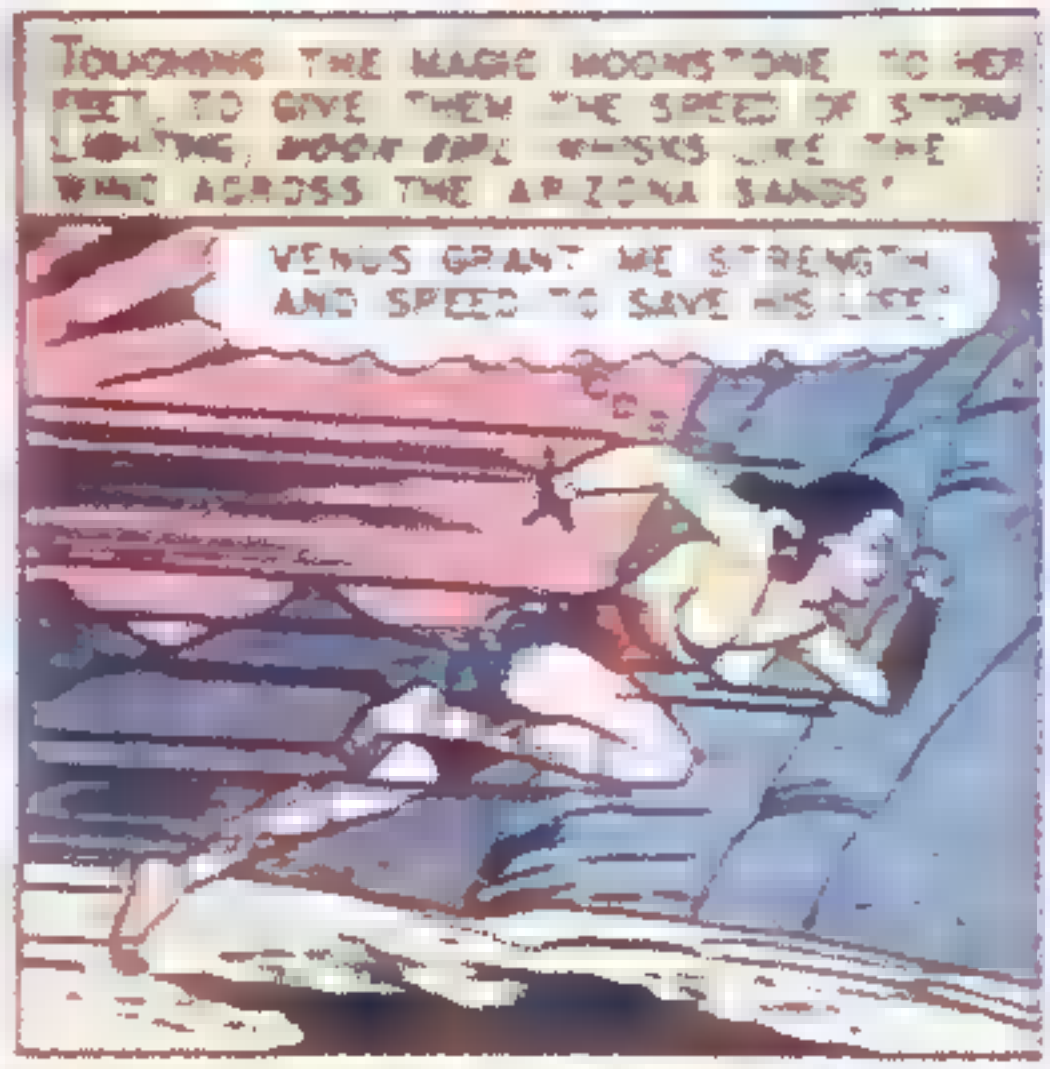
THE BARREN, SANDY WASTES OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST HAVE PLAGUED MANKIND EVER SINCE THE FIRST INDIANS SET UP THEIR ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS. TODAY, A HANDFUL OF RANCHERS FACE STARVATION AS THEIR BLIGHTED RANCHLANDS SLOWLY DIE FROM LACK OF WATER.

ONLY WHEN *MOON GIRL* HERSELF CATAPULTS ONTO THE SUNBAKED PLAINS OF THE BLUE MESA RANGE DOES SHE DISCOVER THE STRANGE SECRET BEHIND THE DEATH OF...

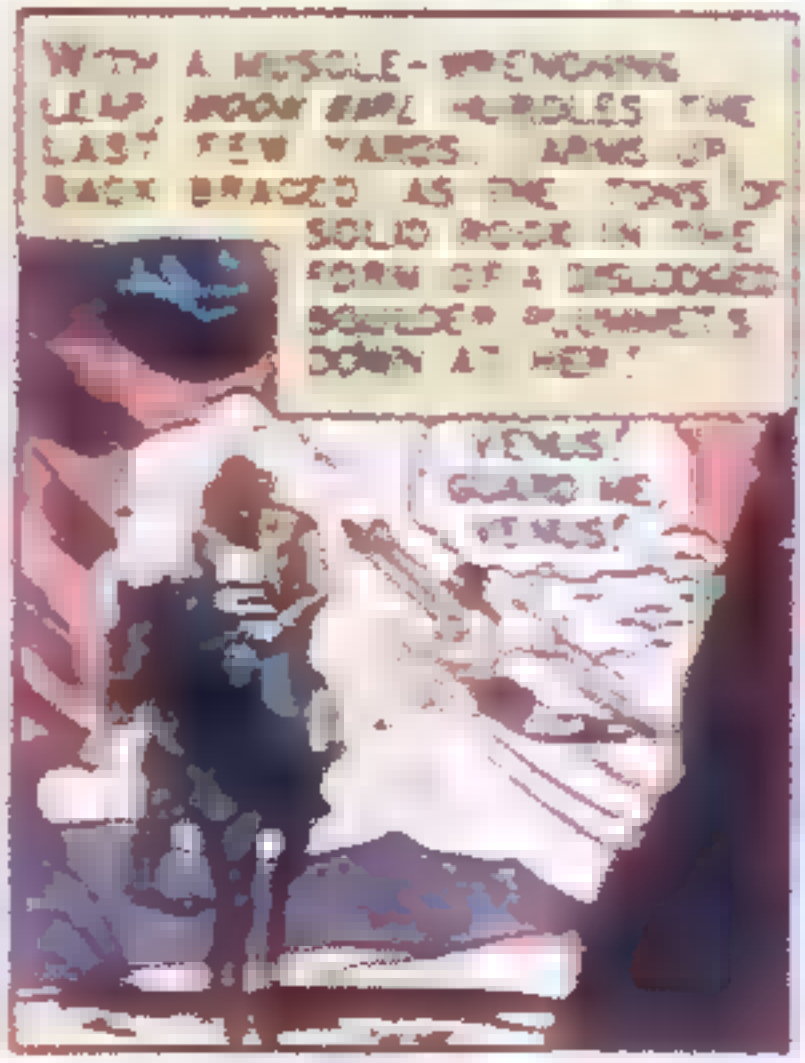
"THE RANCH AT BARREN ACRES!"


OHGH! THAT MAN UP AHEAD WILL BE CRUSHED BY THAT FALLING BOULDER!

MY HORSE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET THERE BEFORE THE MAN IS KILLED! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE HIM... AND THAT'S AS MOON GIRL!


TOUCHING THE MAGIC MOONSTONE TO HER FEET, TO GIVE THEM THE SPEED OF STORM LIGHTNING, MOON GIRL WHISKS LIKE THE WIND ACROSS THE ARIZONA SANDS!
VENUS GRANT ME STRENGTH AND SPEED TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

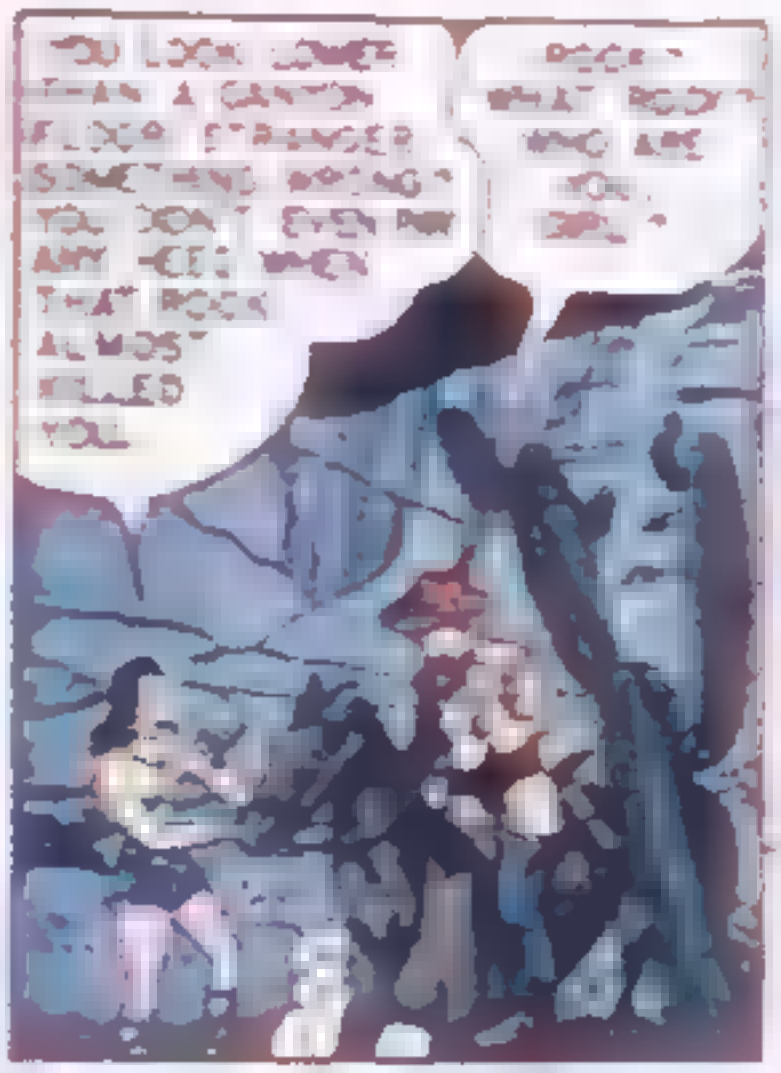
HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE IT! HE'LL BE CRUSHED!


WITH A MUSCLE-WRENCHING LEAP, MOON GIRL HURDLES THE LAST FEW YARDS. ARMS UP, BACK BRACED, AS THE TONS OF SOLID ROCK IN THE FORM OF A DISLODGED BOULDER PLUNGES DOWN AT HER!
VENUS! GUARD ME, VENUS!

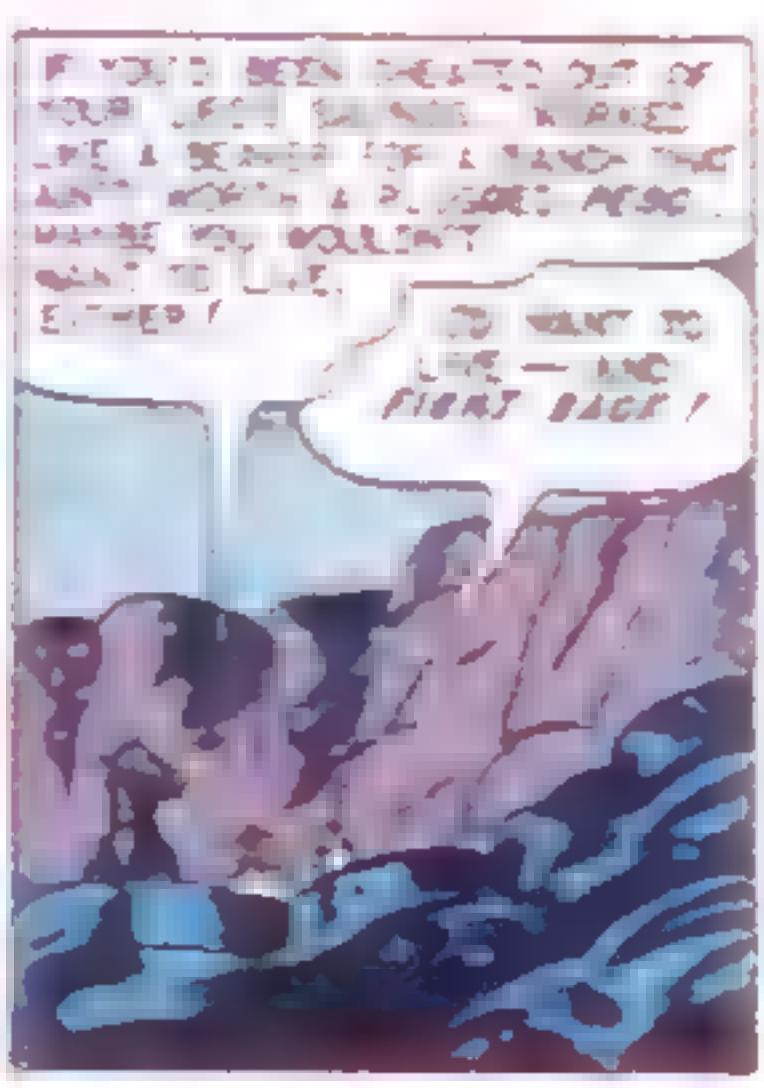
MOONSTONE! KEEP ME GOING FORWARD... OR WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

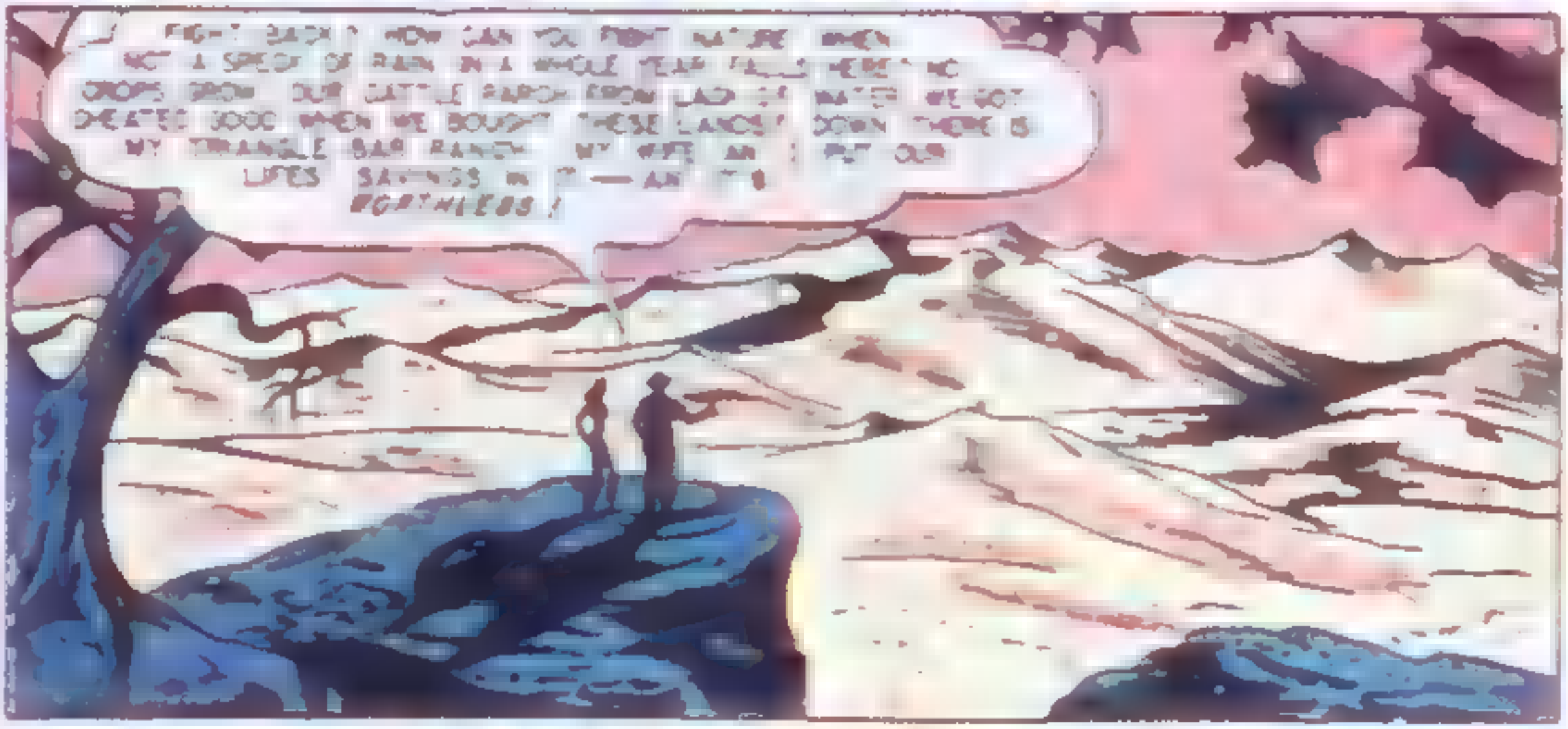
DID IT! WHEW—IT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE... AND MY FRIEND DOESN'T EVEN SEEM TO KNOW HE WAS IN DANGER!

MOON GIRL

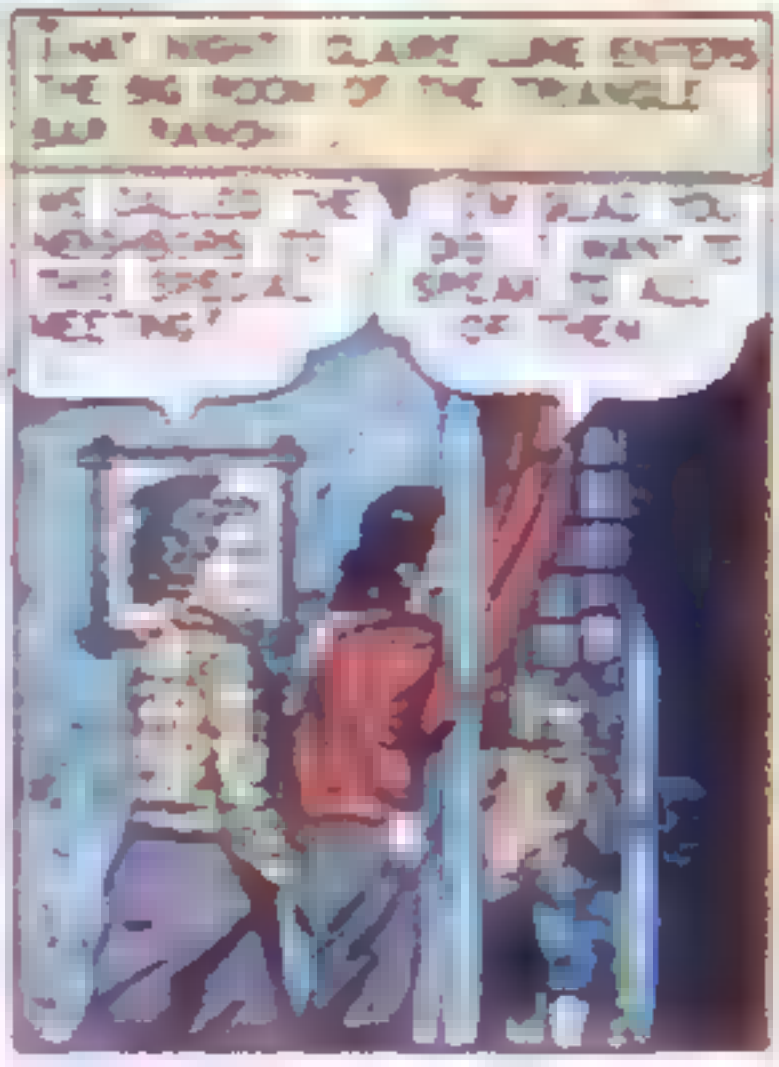

YOU LOOK LONGER THAN A CANYON FLOOR STRANGER SOMETHING MOVING YOU DON'T EVEN PAW ANY MORE WHEN THAT ROCK ALMOST KILLED YOU
ROCK? WHAT ROCK? WHO ARE YOU, GIRL?

THAT BOULDER NEARLY CRUSHED YOU. I AM MOON GIRL. I SAVED YOU.
YOU SAVED MY LIFE? MAYBE — MAYBE YOU HAVE SEEN BETTER IF YOU'LL LET ME DO IT!

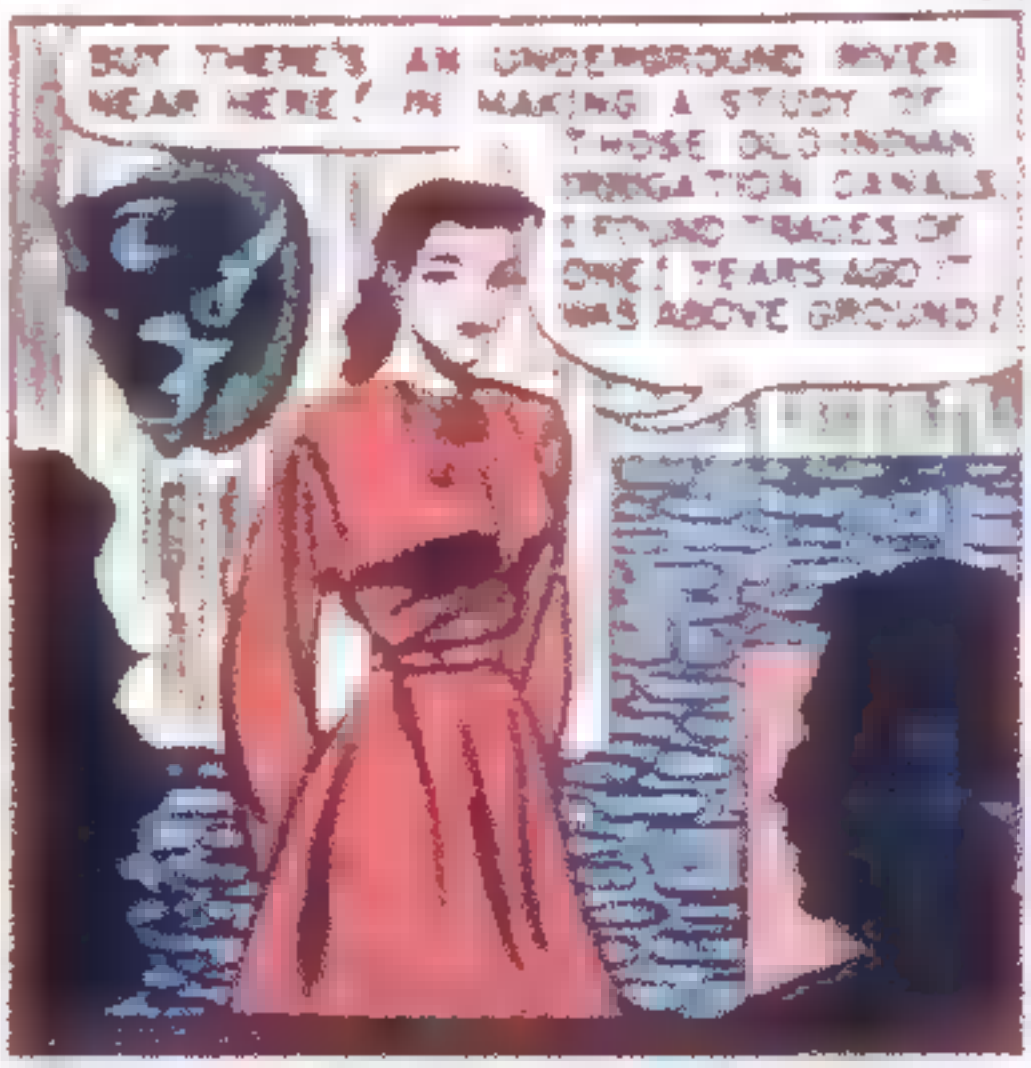

IF YOU'D BEEN BREATHING OUT OF YOUR LEFT NOSTRIL WHEN THE ROCK HIT YOU, YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE, EITHER!
YOU WANT TO LIVE — AND FIGHT BACK!

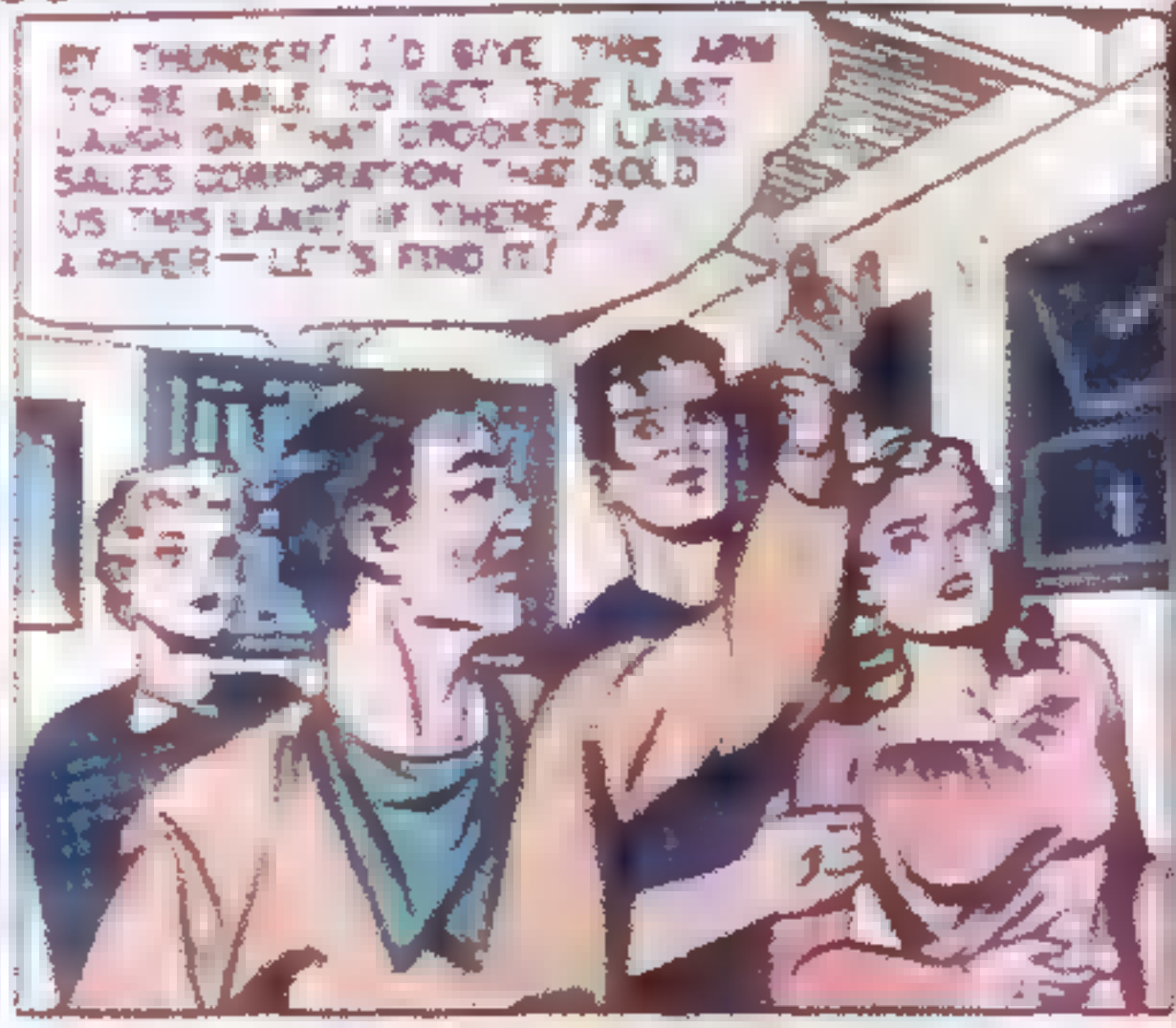

FIGHT BACK? HOW CAN YOU FIGHT NATURE WHEN NOT A SPECK OF RAIN IN A WHOLE YEAR FALLS HERE? NO CROPS GROW. OUR CATTLE PANTS FROM LACK OF WATER. WE GOT DEALTED GOOD WHEN WE BOUGHT THESE LANDS! DOWN THERE IS MY TRIANGLE BAR RANCH. MY WIFE AND I PUT OUR LIFE'S SAVINGS IN IT — AND IT'S WORTHLESS!

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU. CLAIRE JONES! I'LL SEND HIM TO VISIT YOU.
IT WON'T DO NO GOOD!

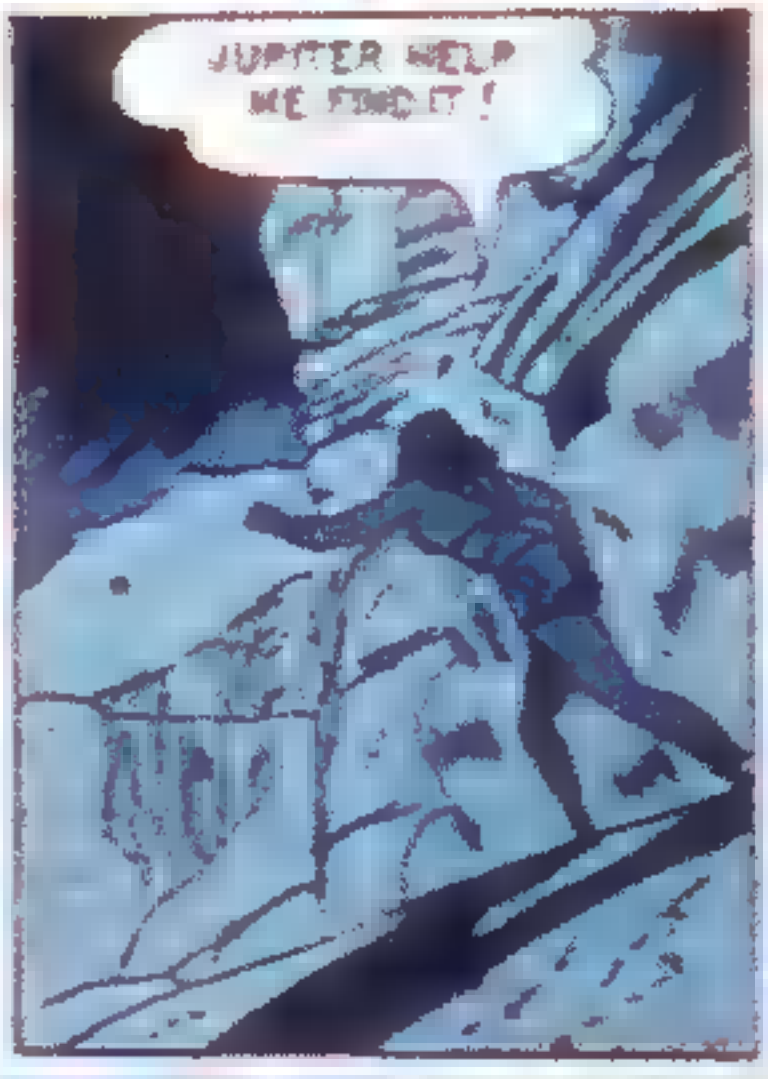

THAT NIGHT CLAIRE JONES ENTERS THE BIG ROOM OF THE TRIANGLE BAR RANCH.
HE CALLED THE NEIGHBORS TO THIS SPECIAL MEETING.
I'M GLAD YOU DID. I WANT TO SPEAK TO ALL OF THEM.

IRRIGATION WILL SOLVE ALL OF YOUR TROUBLES!
THERE'S NO WATER!

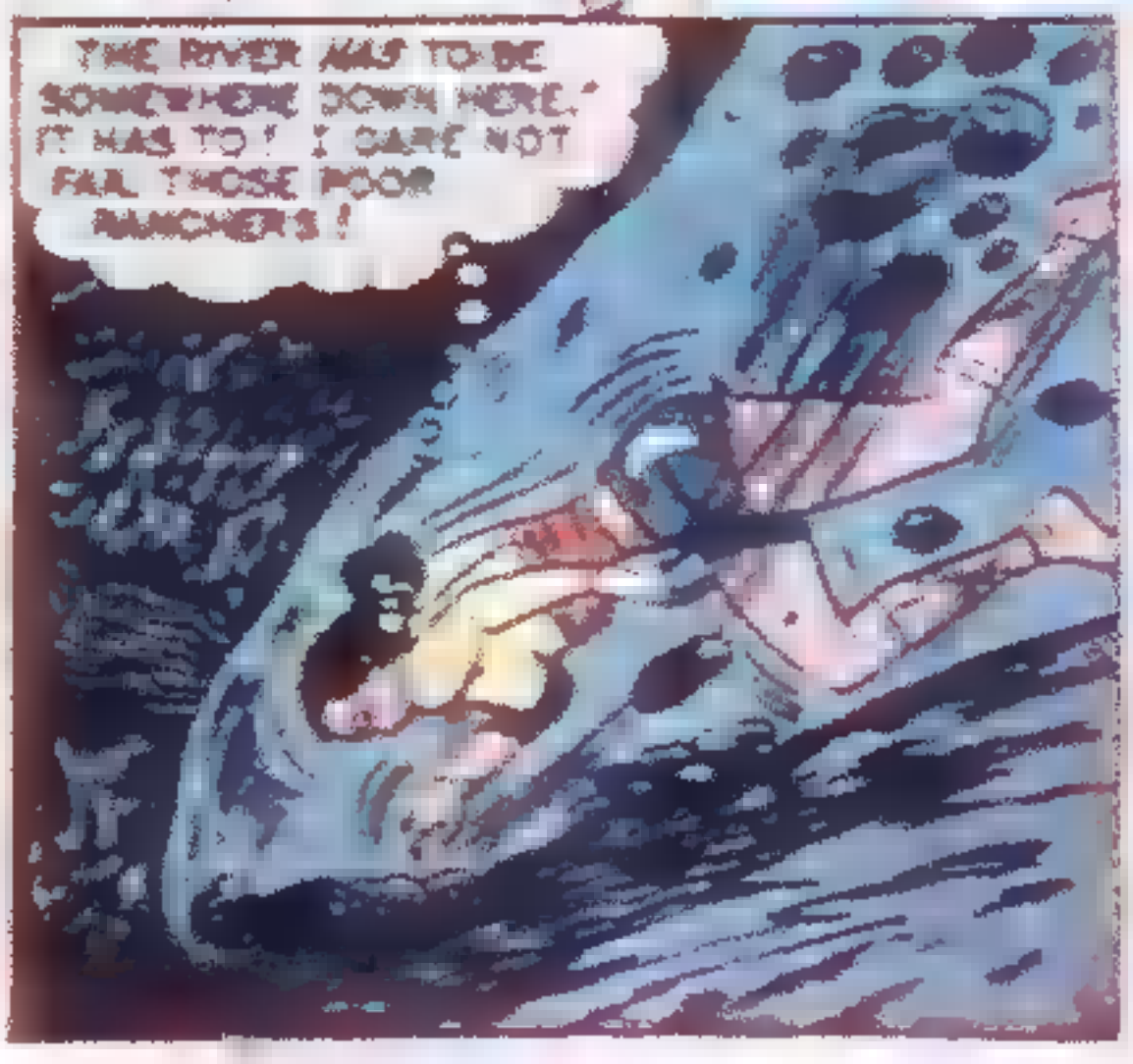

BUT THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND RIVER NEAR HERE! IN MAKING A STUDY OF THOSE OLD INDIAN IRRIGATION CANALS I FOUND TRACES OF ONE! YEARS AGO IT WAS ABOVE GROUND!

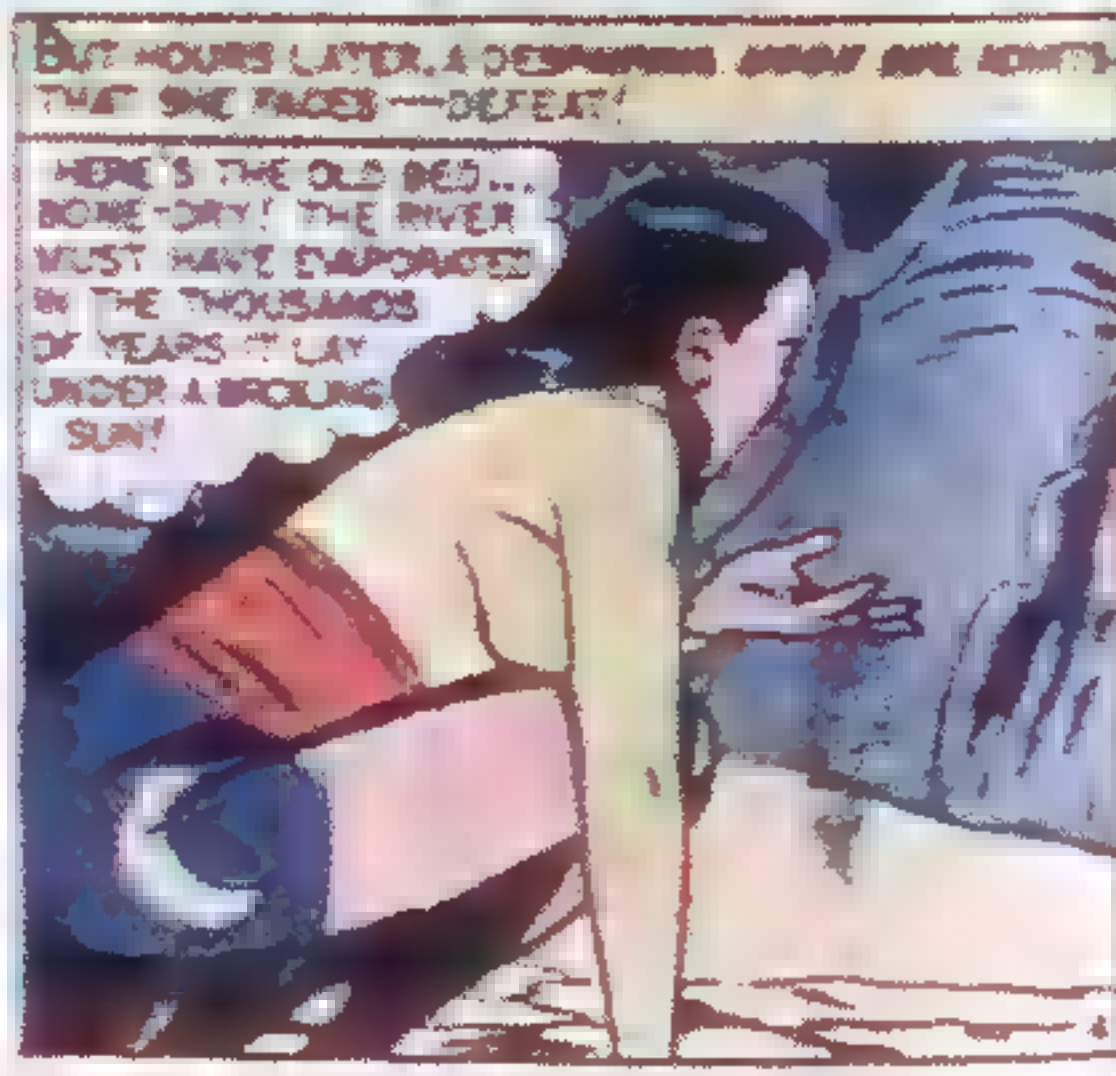

BY THUNDER! I'D GIVE THIS ARM TO BE ABLE TO GET THE LAST LAUGH ON THAT CROOKED LAND SALES CORPORATION THAT SOLD US THIS LAND! IF THERE IS A RIVER—LET'S FIND IT!

THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE RANCH SLEEPS....
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER AND THAT'S AS MOON GIRL!


JUPITER HELP ME FIND IT!

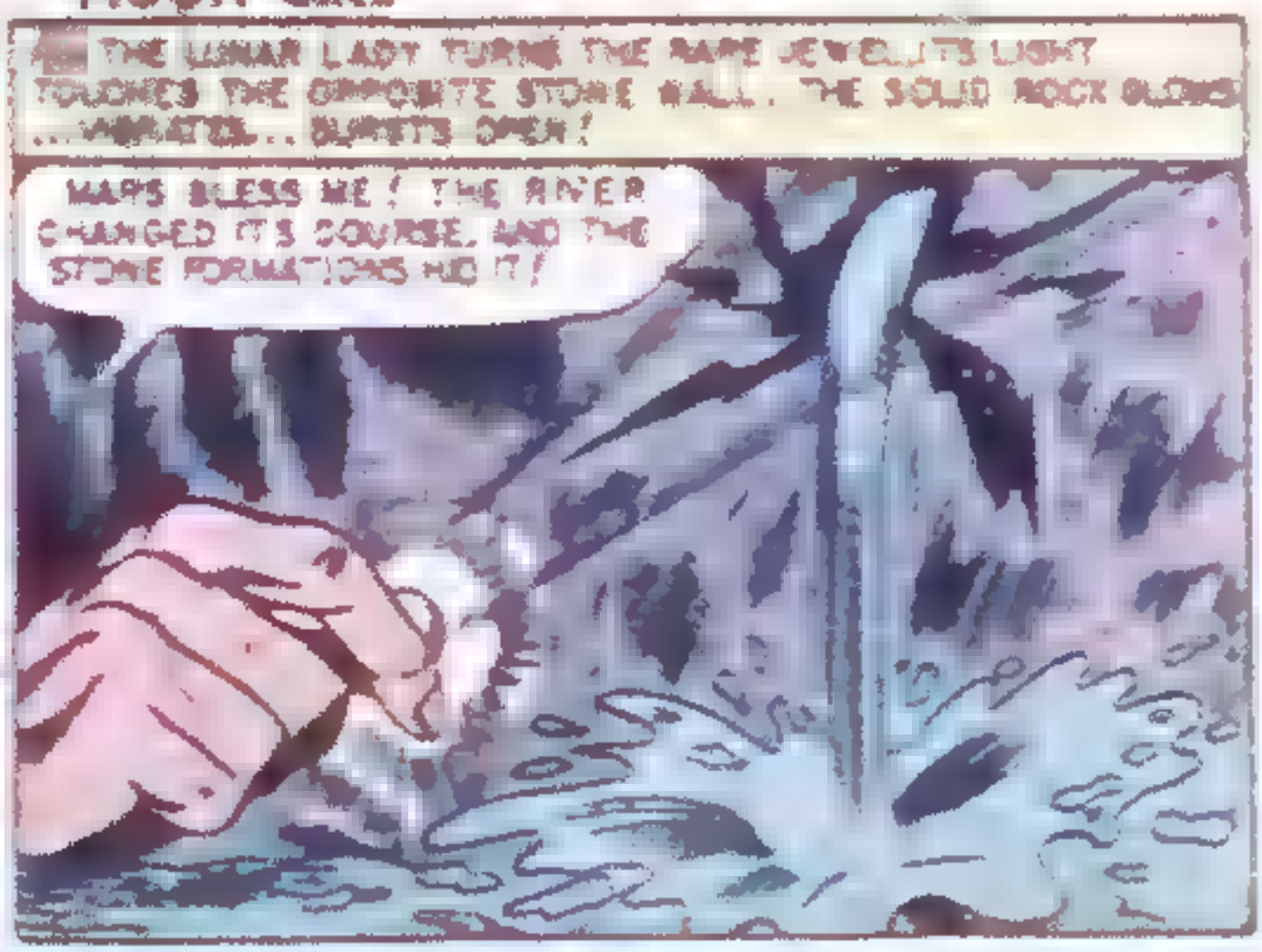
MOON GIRL USES HER MOON-STONE-INSPIRED STRENGTH TO TUNNEL A PATH THROUGH ROCK AND SAND!
HERE I GO!


THE RIVER MUST TO BE SOMEWHERE DOWN HERE! IT HAS TO! I CARE NOT FOR THOSE POOR RANCHERS!

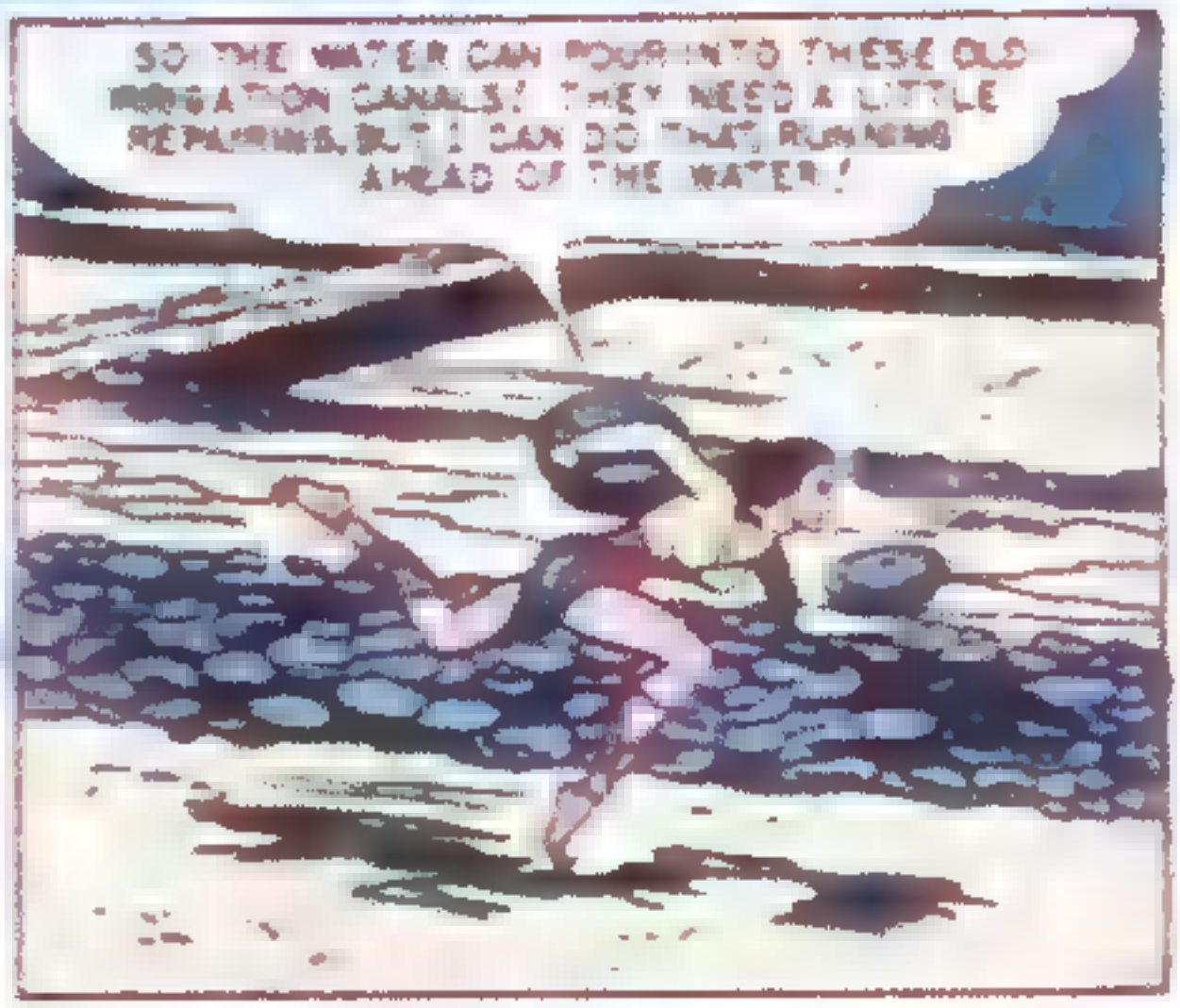

BUT HOURS LATER, A DESPERATE MOON GIRL SCANS THE SIDE PAGES—DEFEATED!
HERE'S THE OLD BED... BONE-DRY! THE RIVER MUST HAVE EVAPORATED IN THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS IT LAY UNDER A BROILING SUN!

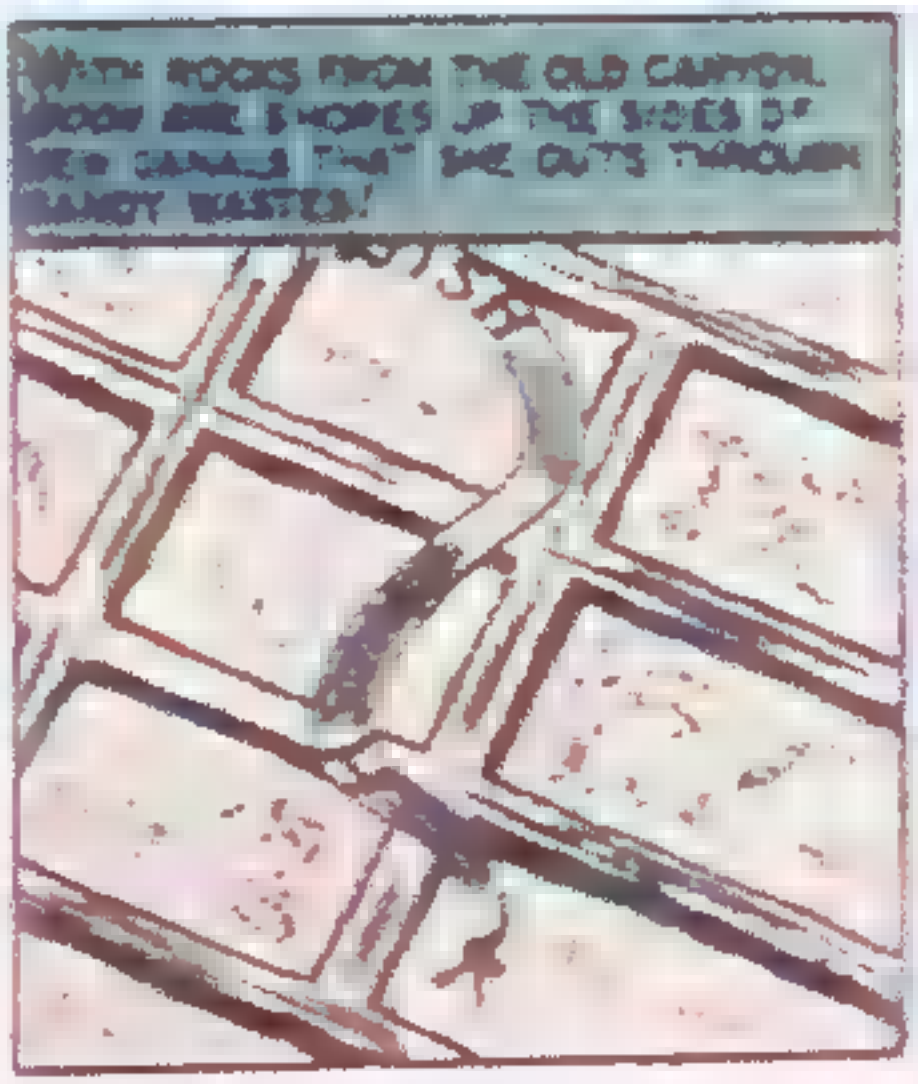
MOON GIRL

MOONSTONE, YOU'VE FAILED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME! IF THERE IS ANY WATER, YOUR MAGIC POWERS WOULD HAVE FOUND IT!

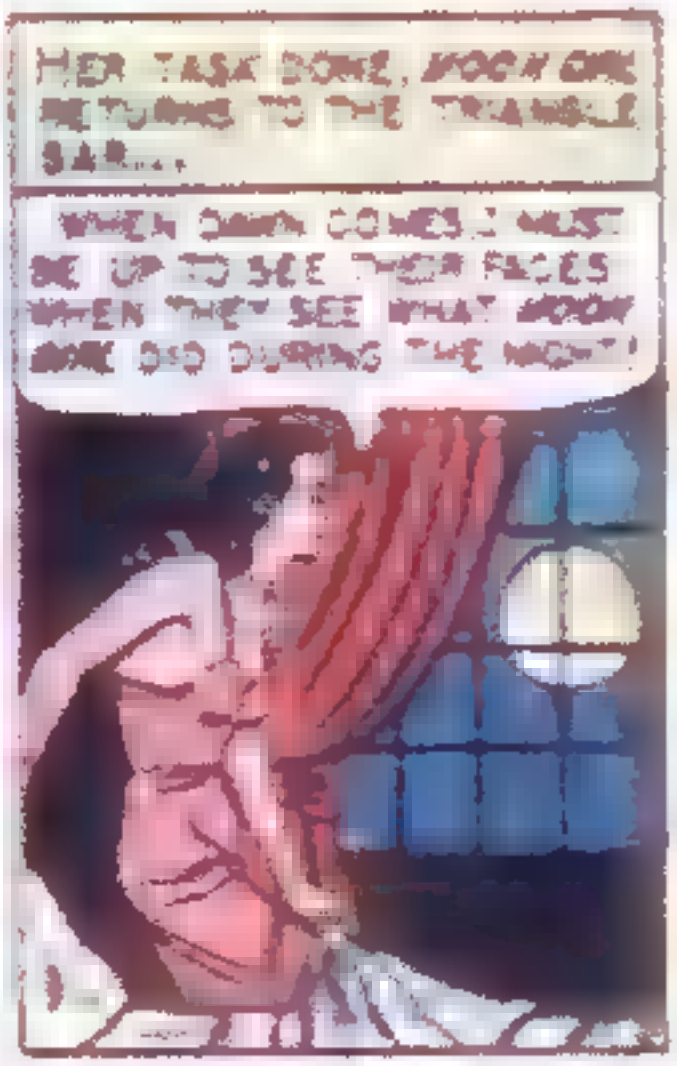

AND THE LUNAR LADY TURNS THE RARE JEWEL. ITS LIGHT TOUCHES THE OPPOSITE STONE WALL. THE SOLID ROCK BLURS ...VIBRATES... BURSTS OPEN!
MARS BLESS ME! THE RIVER CHANGED ITS COURSE, AND THE STONE FORMATIONS DID IT!

I'LL TUNNEL A PATH THROUGH SOLID ROCK FOR IT!

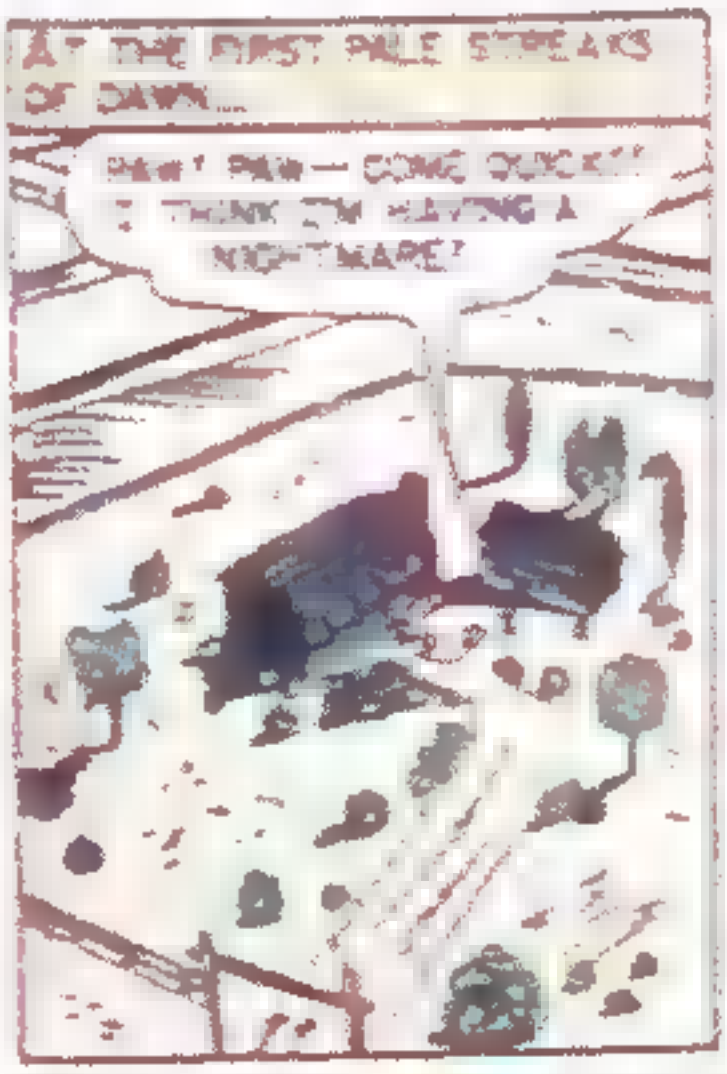

SO THE WATER CAN POUR INTO THESE OLD IRRIGATION CANALS! THEY NEED A LITTLE REPAIRING, BUT I CAN DO THAT, RUNNING AHEAD OF THE WATER!

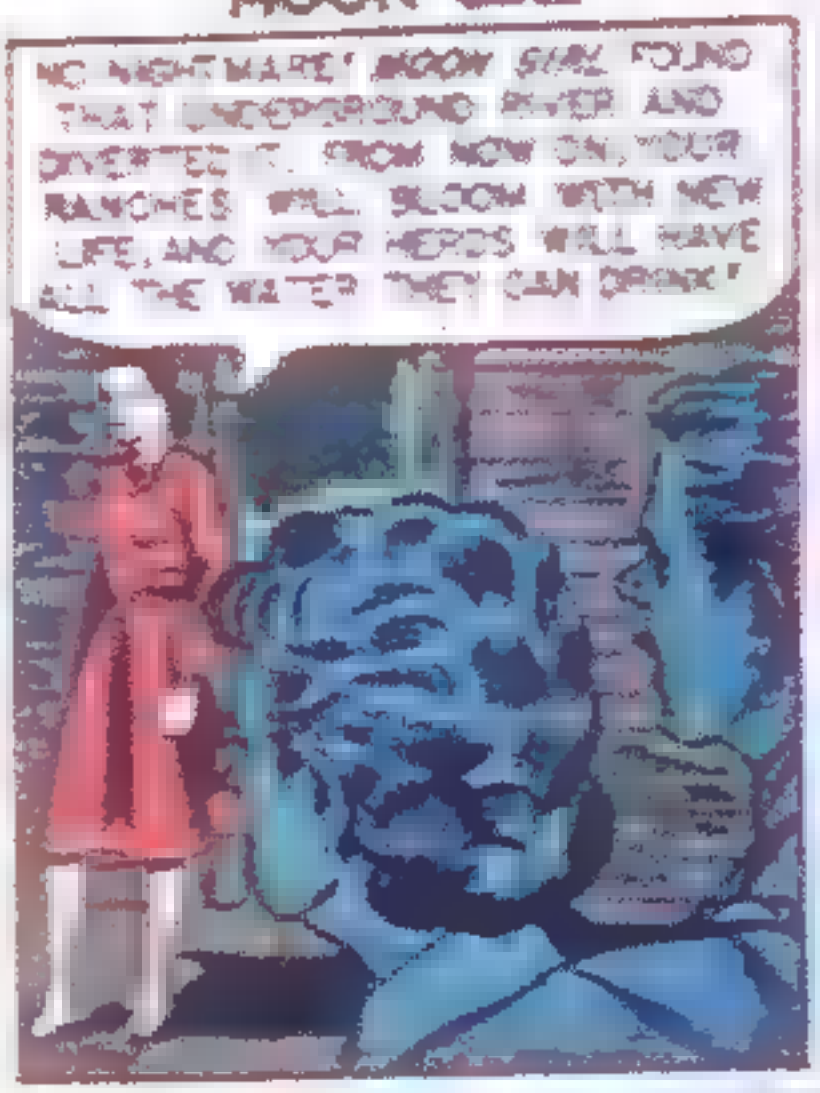

WITH ROCKS FROM THE OLD CANYON, MOON GIRL SHORES UP THE SIDES OF THE CANALS THAT SHE CUTS THROUGH SANDY WASTES!

I'LL PLANT SOME SHRUBS AND FLOWERS—

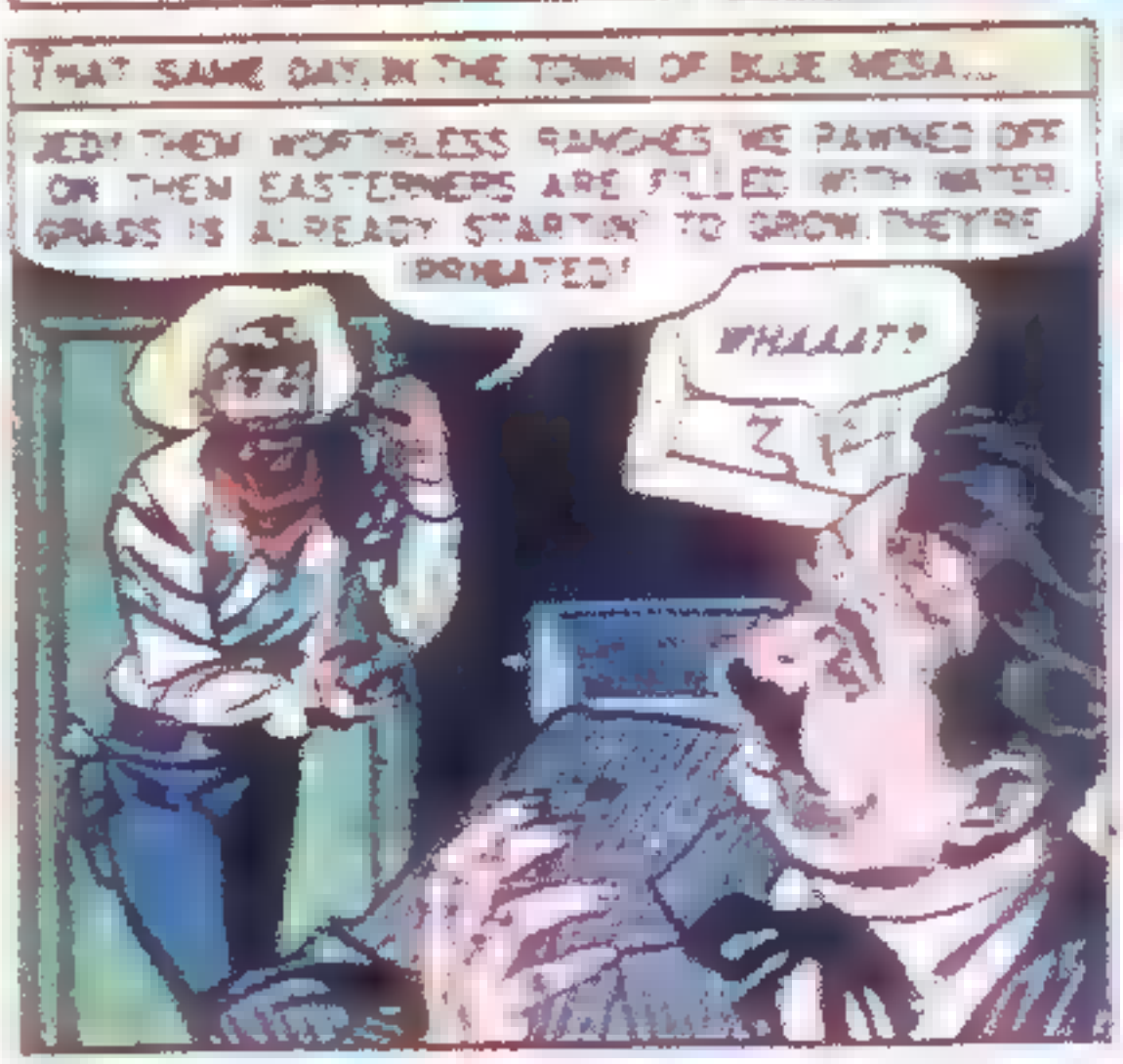

HER TASK DONE, MOON GIRL RETURNS TO THE TRIANGLE BAR...
WHEN DAWN COMES I MUST BE UP TO SEE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY SEE WHAT MOON GIRL DID DURING THE NIGHT!

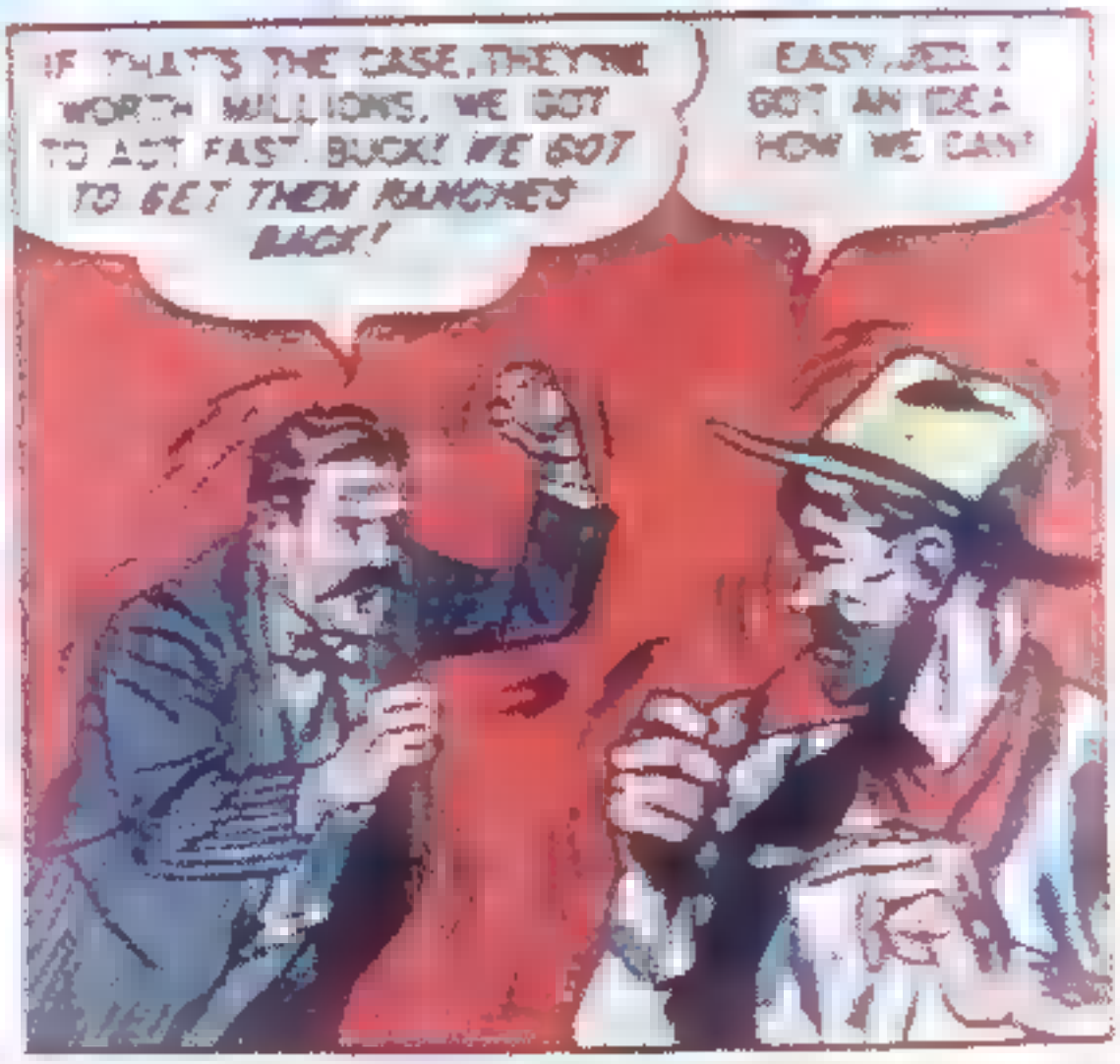
MOON GIRL


AT THE FIRST PALE STREAKS OF DAWN...
PAW! PAW — COME QUICK! I THINK I'M HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

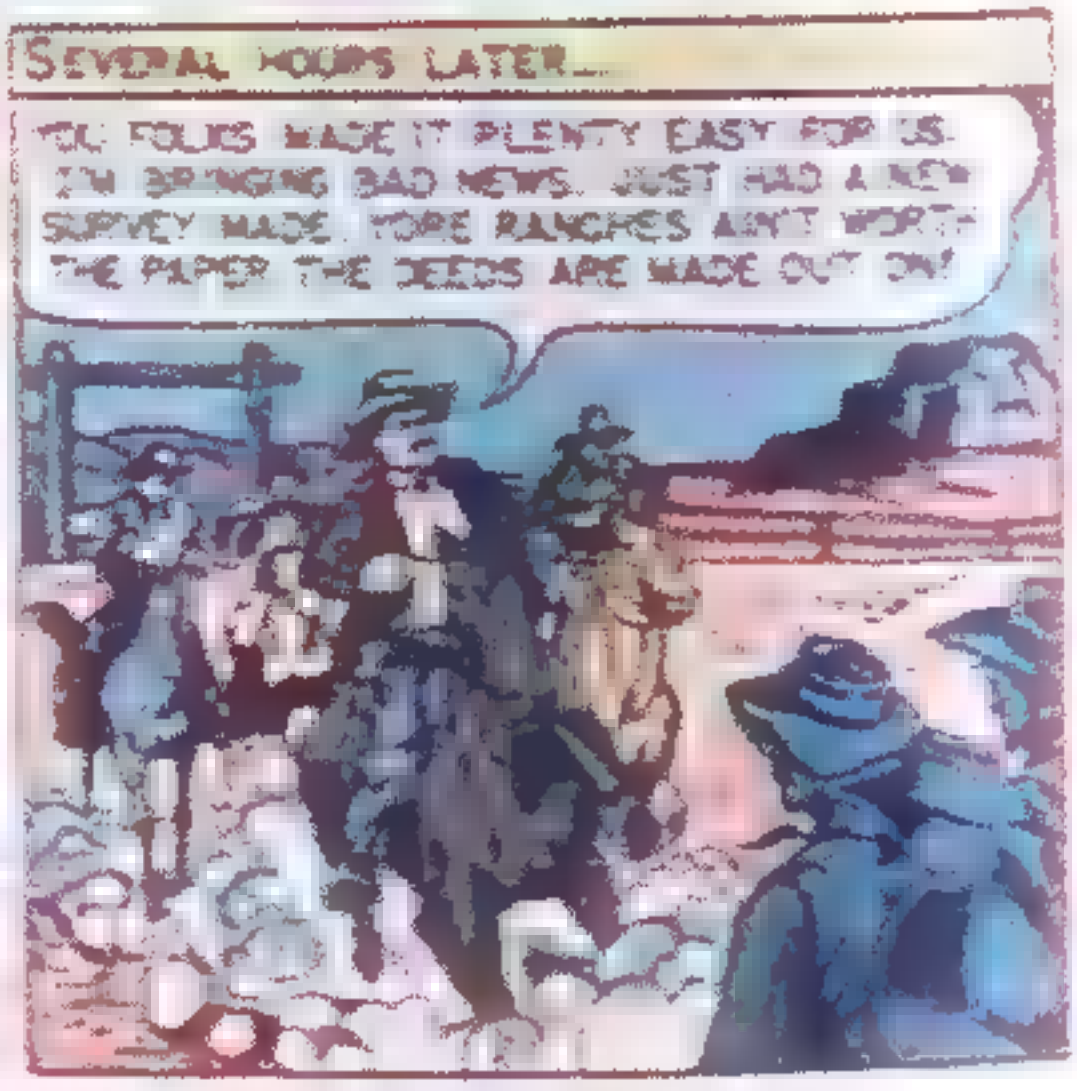

NO NIGHTMARE! MOON GIRL FOUND THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER AND DIVERTED IT. FROM NOW ON, YOUR RANCHES WILL BLOOM WITH NEW LIFE, AND YOUR HERDS WILL HAVE ALL THE WATER THEY CAN DRINK!

NOW, MA! DON'T CRY. YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY...
SI — SILLY! THAT'S WHY I AM CRYING... BECAUSE I'M SO HAPPY!


THAT SAME DAY, IN THE TOWN OF BLUE MESA...
JEB! THEM WORTHLESS RANCHES WE PAWNED OFF ON THEM EASTERNERS ARE FILLED WITH WATER. GRASS IS ALREADY STARTIN' TO GROW. THEY'RE IRRIGATED!
WHAAAT?

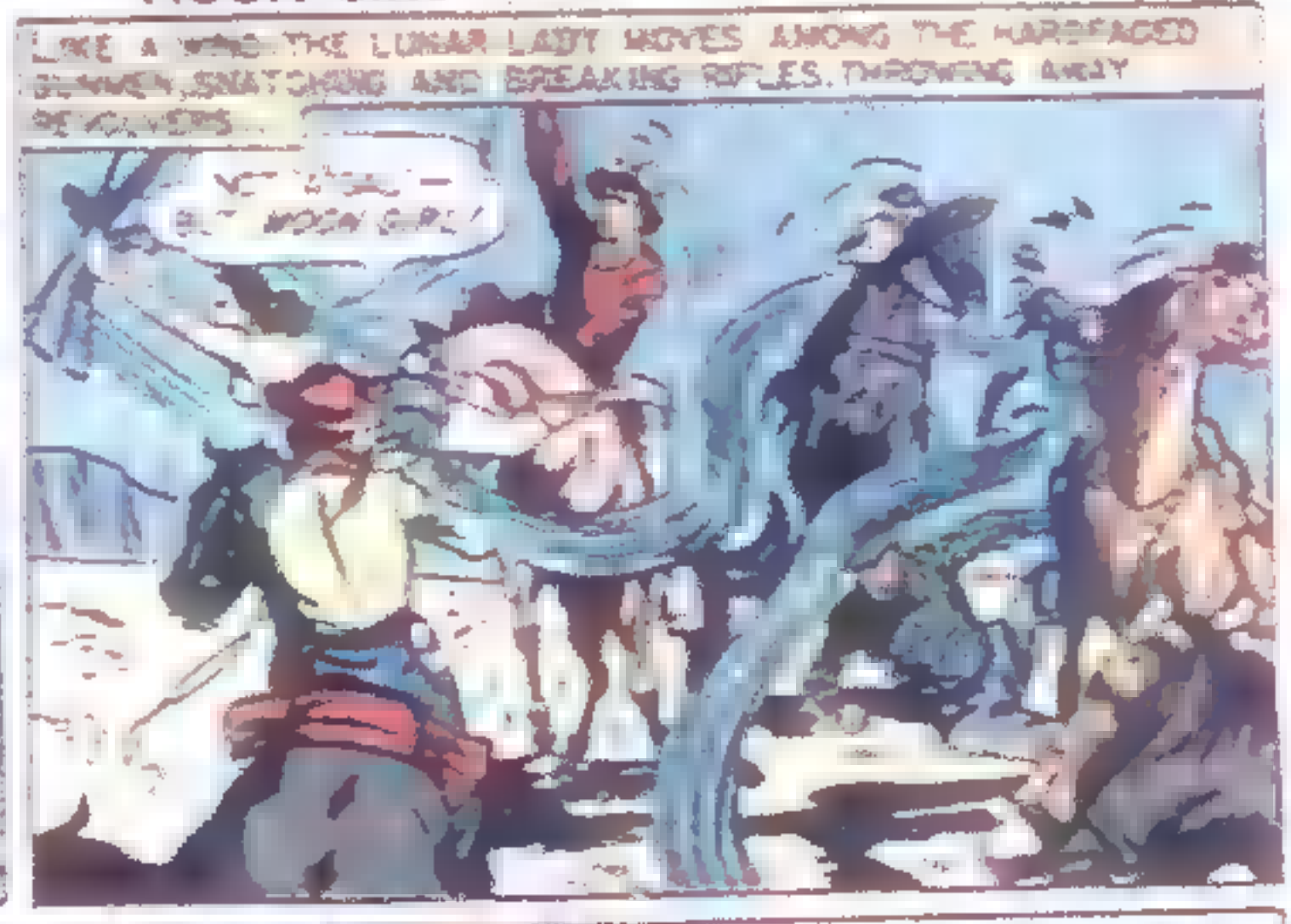

IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEY'RE WORTH MILLIONS. WE GOT TO ACT FAST, BUCK! WE GOT TO GET THEM RANCHES BACK!
EASY, JEB! I GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN!

I HIRED A FEW BOYS TO TAKE A LITTLE RIDE WITH US. THEM EASTERNERS OUGHT TO SCARE RIGHT EASY!
HEY! HEY! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

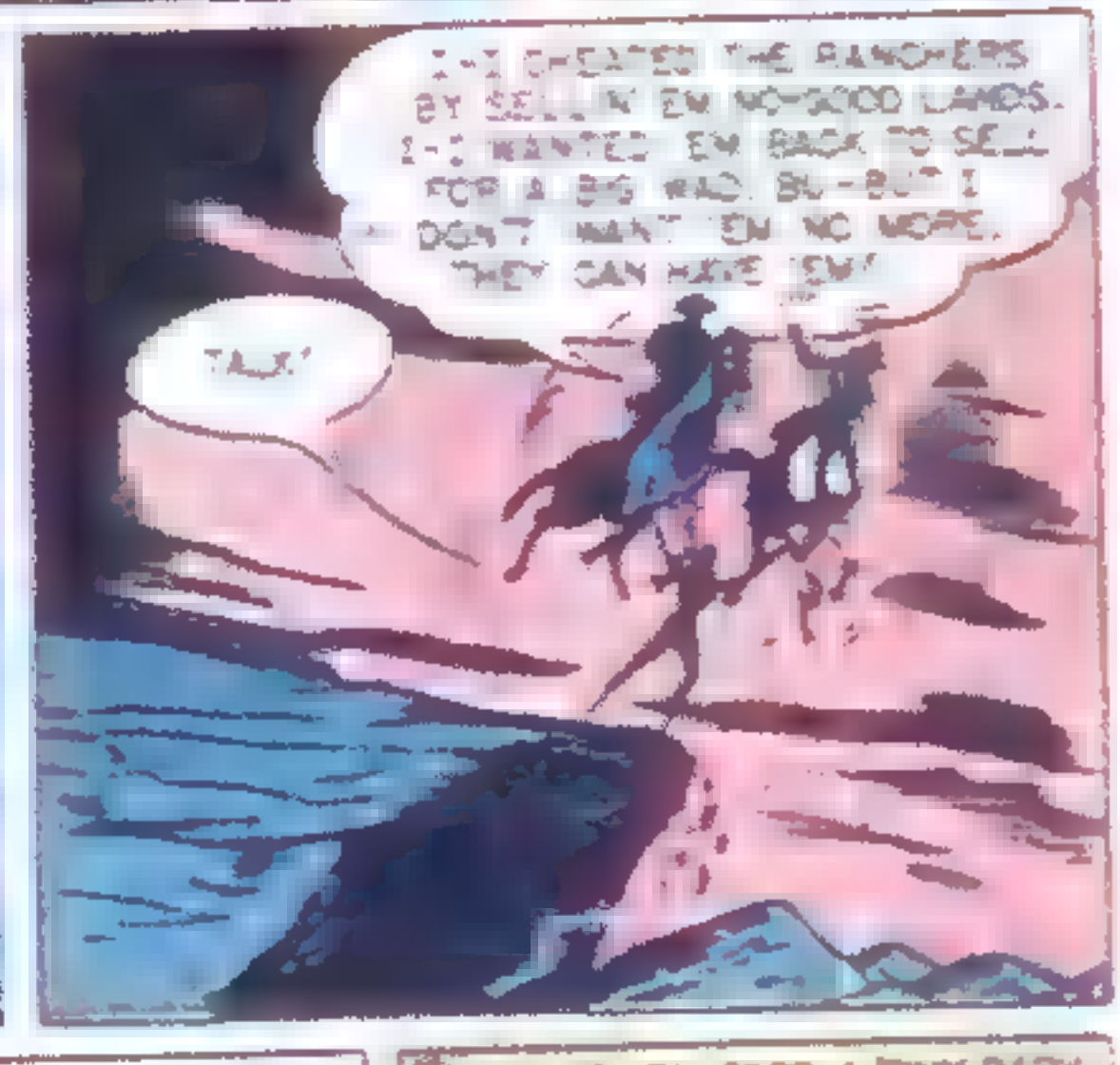

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
YOU FOLKS MADE IT PLENTY EASY FOR US. I'M BRINGING BAD NEWS. JUST HAD A NEW SURVEY MADE. YORE RANCHES AIN'T WORTH THE PAPER THE DEEDS ARE MADE OUT ON!

MOON GIRL

I ANTICIPATED SOME KIND OF ACTION FROM JAND SALES TO GET THESE RANCHES BACK!
A BALLY


LIKE A WING, THE LUNAR LADY MOVES AMONG THE HARD-FACED GUNMEN, SNATCHING AND BREAKING RIFLES, THROWING AWAY OF GUNMEN...
MOON GIRL!

AND AS MOON GIRL, I INTEND GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BUSINESS ABOUT WORTHLESS RANCHES AND NEW SURVEYS.
LEMME DOWN, LEMME DOWN!
AAAOOOWW!


I'VE CHEATED THE RANCHERS BY SELLIN' EM NO-GOOD LANDS. I'D WANTED EM BACK TO SELL FOR A BIG WAD. BU-BUT I DON'T WANT EM NO MORE. THEY CAN HAVE EM!
TALK!

GUESS THOSE MEN WON'T SHOW THEIR FACES AROUND HERE AGAIN. IF THEY DO, I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF TO TAKE THEM TO THE NEAREST JAIL!

LATER...
THOSE RANCHES MIGHT'VE LIKED IT WHEN YOU TOOK JED AND HIS GUNMAN AWAY!
THEY DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOU!
THE SUPE SCARED 'EM!

TODAY, IF YOU PASS A TINY PARK SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA YOU WILL SEE A STATUE...

ZOMBIE TERROR!

THROUGH THE TANGLED JUNGLE THEY COME, INTENT ON A MISSION OF GHASTLY VENGEANCE. THEIR FACES ARE GHOST-WHITE AND THEIR BODIES MOVE TO THE CEASELESS RHYTHM OF THE *VOODOO DRUMS*! THEIR VERY NAME IS TERROR...FOR THEY ARE THE *ZOMBIES!*

THEY'VE FOLLOWED US! TH'-TH' *ZOMBIES!*

OUR STORY BEGINS ON THE LITTLE WEST INDIAN ISLE OF SAN CARLOS...

THERE'S NO STUFF, BLACKIE. THE SPEEDBOAT HASN'T LEFT YET ON THE REEF OVERNIGHT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DEVOE! A LOAD OF DIAMONDS... JUST SITTING OUT THERE WAITING FOR US!

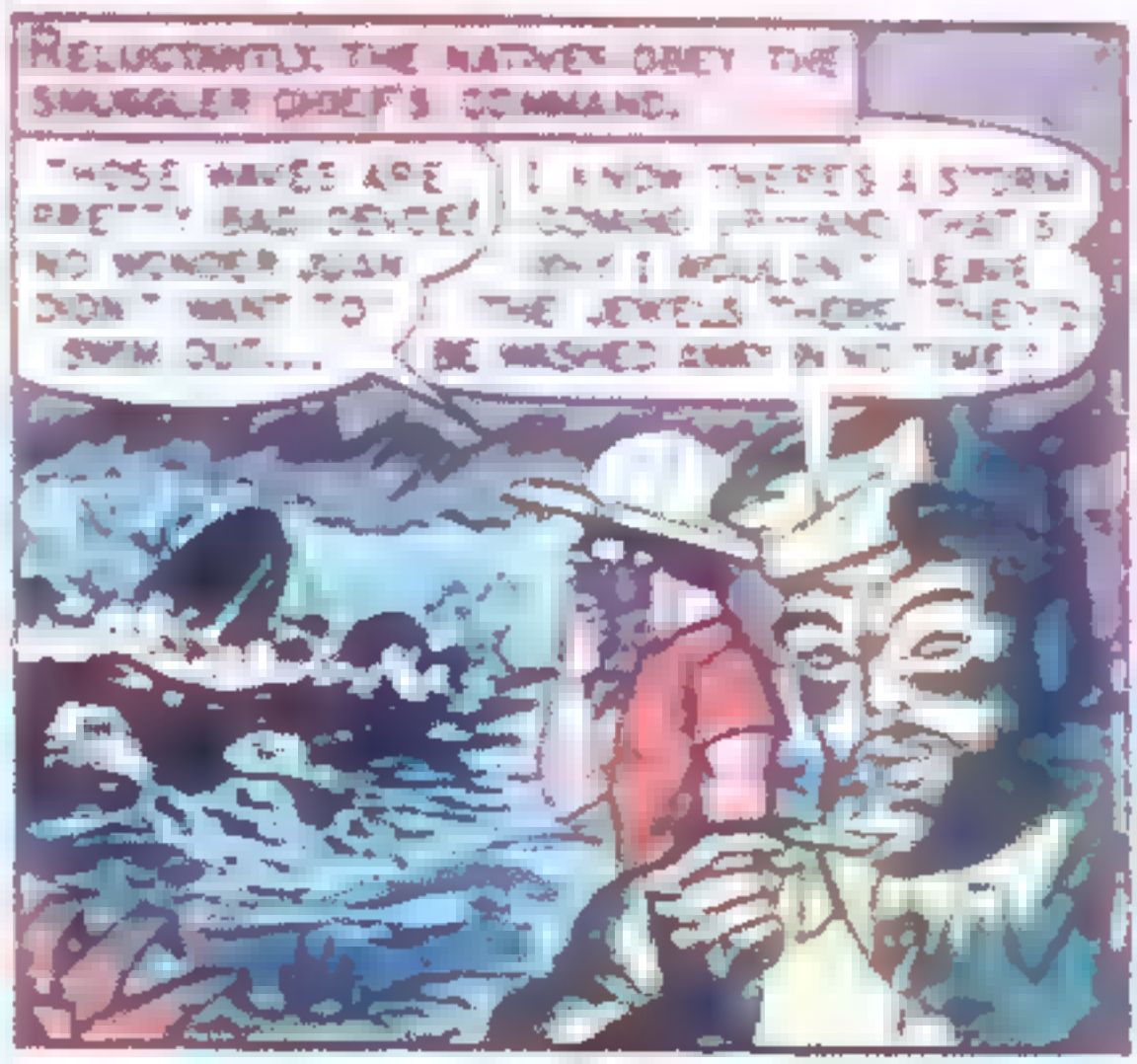
WHAT A SCHEME! TH' SPEEDBOAT LEAVES IT THERE. WE SEND A COUPLE OF TH' NATIVES OUT TO PICK IT UP, AND IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WE SHIP IT UP TO TH' STATES!

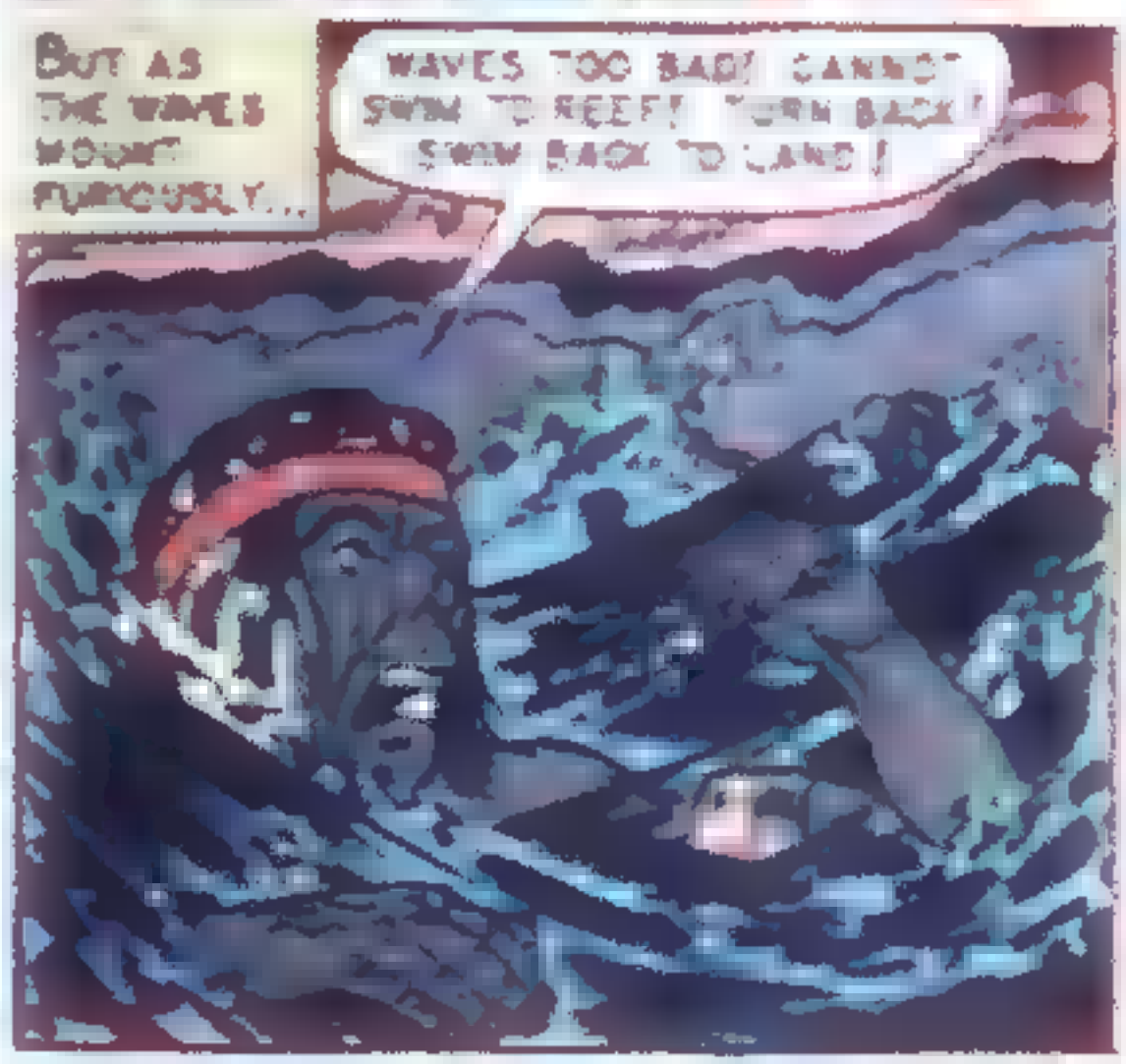
JUAN, YOU AND SEVERAL OF YOUR BOYS SWIM OUT TO TH' REEF AND PICK UP TH' PACKAGES THERE!

BUT, SEÑOR DEVOE, THEY DO NOT WISH TO GO!

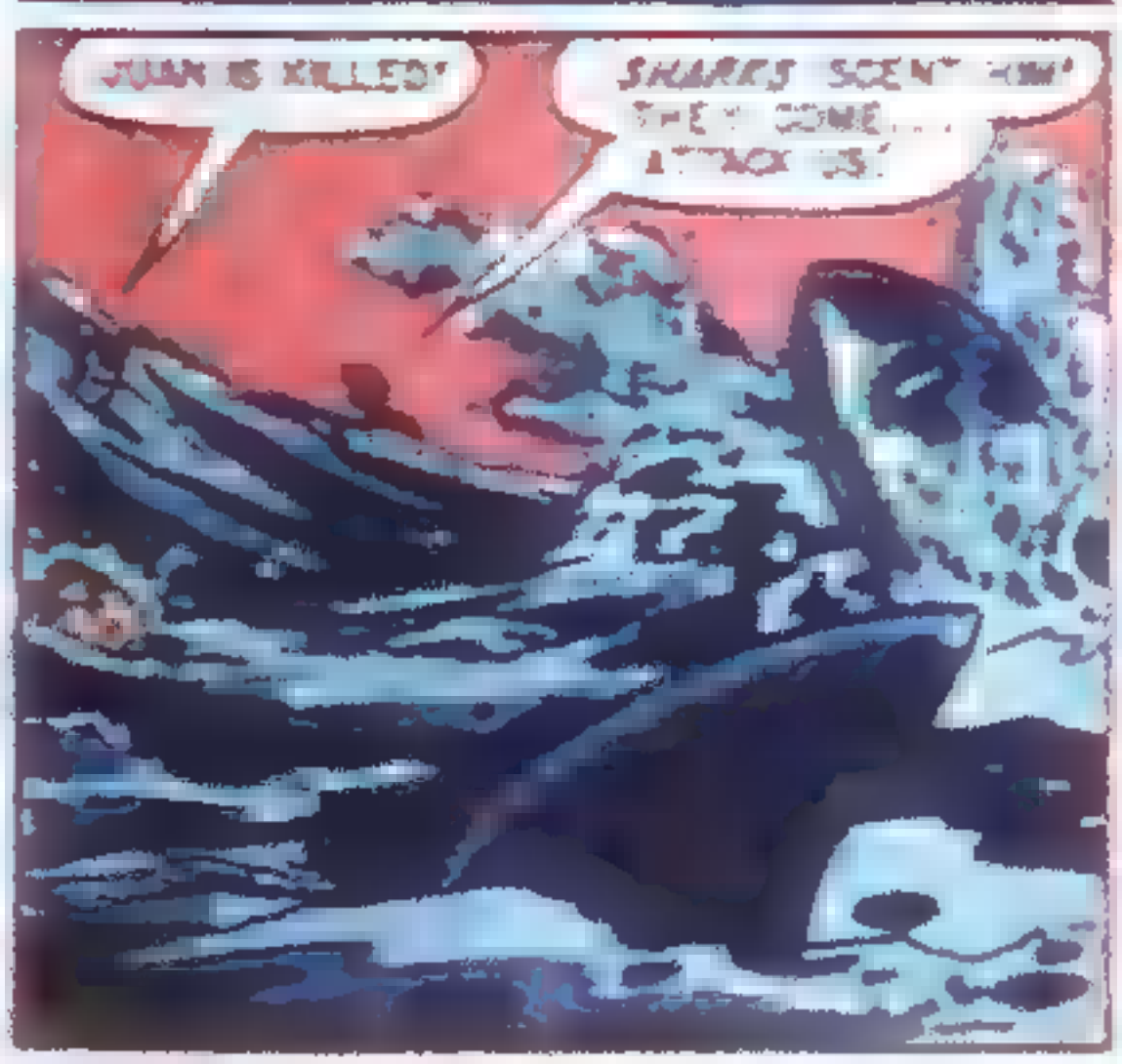
...THEY SAY TERRIBLE STORM BLOWING UP. MAYBE *HURRICANE!* IT NOT SAFE TO SWIM TO REEF!!

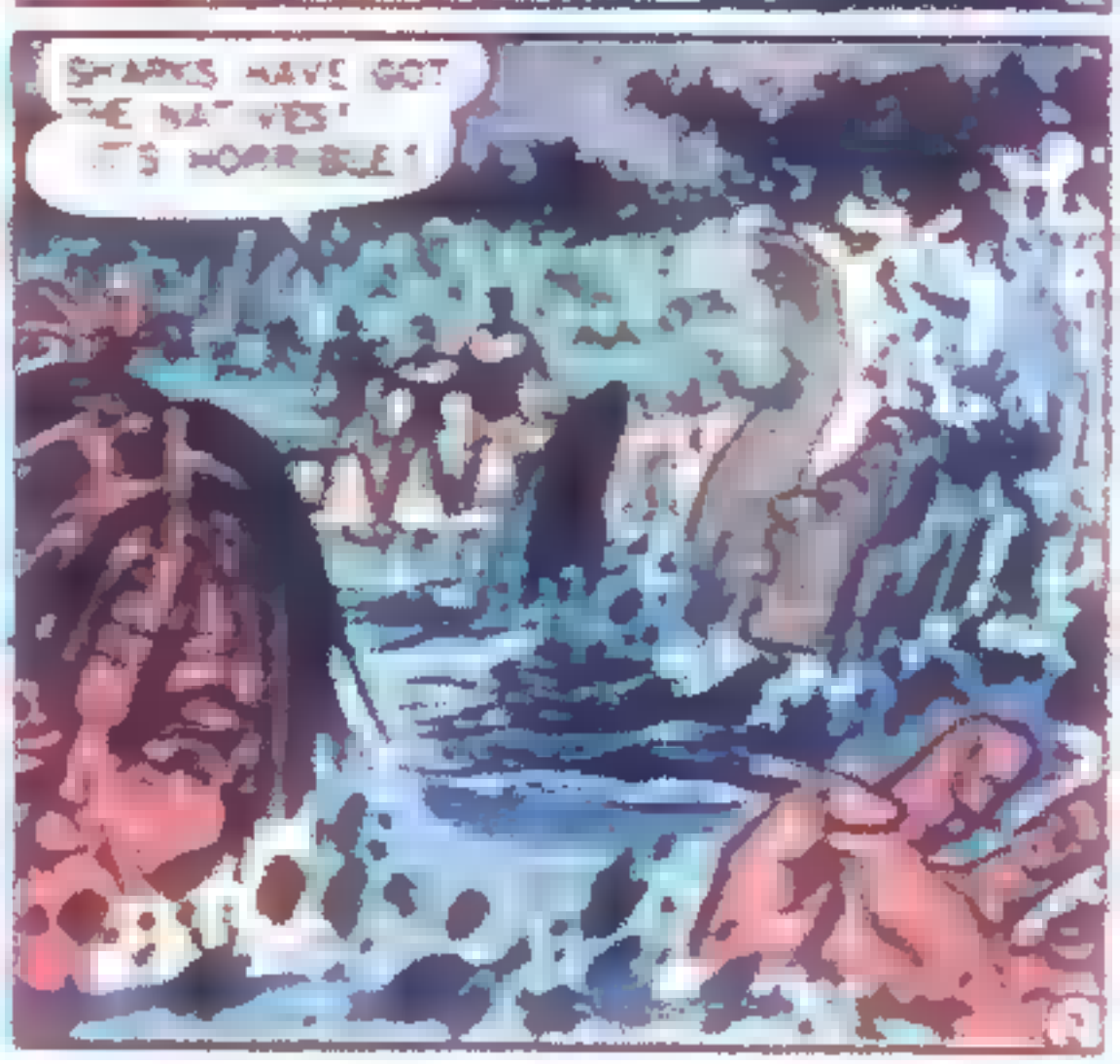
NOT LIKELY! I'M GIVING THE ORDERS HERE! YOU AND YOUR MEN SWIM OUT TO THE REEF — OR ELSE!


RELUCTANTLY, THE NATIVES OBEY THE SMUGGLER CHIEF'S COMMAND.
THOSE WAVES ARE PRETTY BAD OUTSIDE! NO WONDER JUAN DON'T WANT TO SWIM OUT...
I KNOW THERE'S A STORM COMING ON-SHORE! THAT'S WHY I WOULDN'T LEAVE THE JEWELS THERE. THEY'D BE WASHED AWAY IN NO TIME!


BUT AS THE WAVES MOUNT FURIOUSLY...
WAVES TOO BAD! CANNOT SWIM TO REEF! TURN BACK! SWIM BACK TO LAND!

WHY, THE NO-GOOD.... I'LL SHOW HIM!!


JUAN IS KILLED!
SHARKS SCENT HIM! THEY COME... ATTACK US!


SHARKS HAVE GOT THE NATIVES! IT'S HORRIBLE!

THAT NIGHT, IN THE SMUGGLER'S HUT...

I'M WORRIED, DEVOE! FIVE OF THEM KILLED BY THE SHARKS! THEY MUST HATE US!

BUT THEY HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING...

...ANYTHING BUT SIT AROUND THAT FIRE AND BEAT THOSE BLASTED DRUMS!

POM DOM

POM POM

MEANWHILE SHORE PATROL BOAT MAKES AN ODD DISCOVERY...

LOOK! THEY'VE BEEN KILLED BY SHARKS!

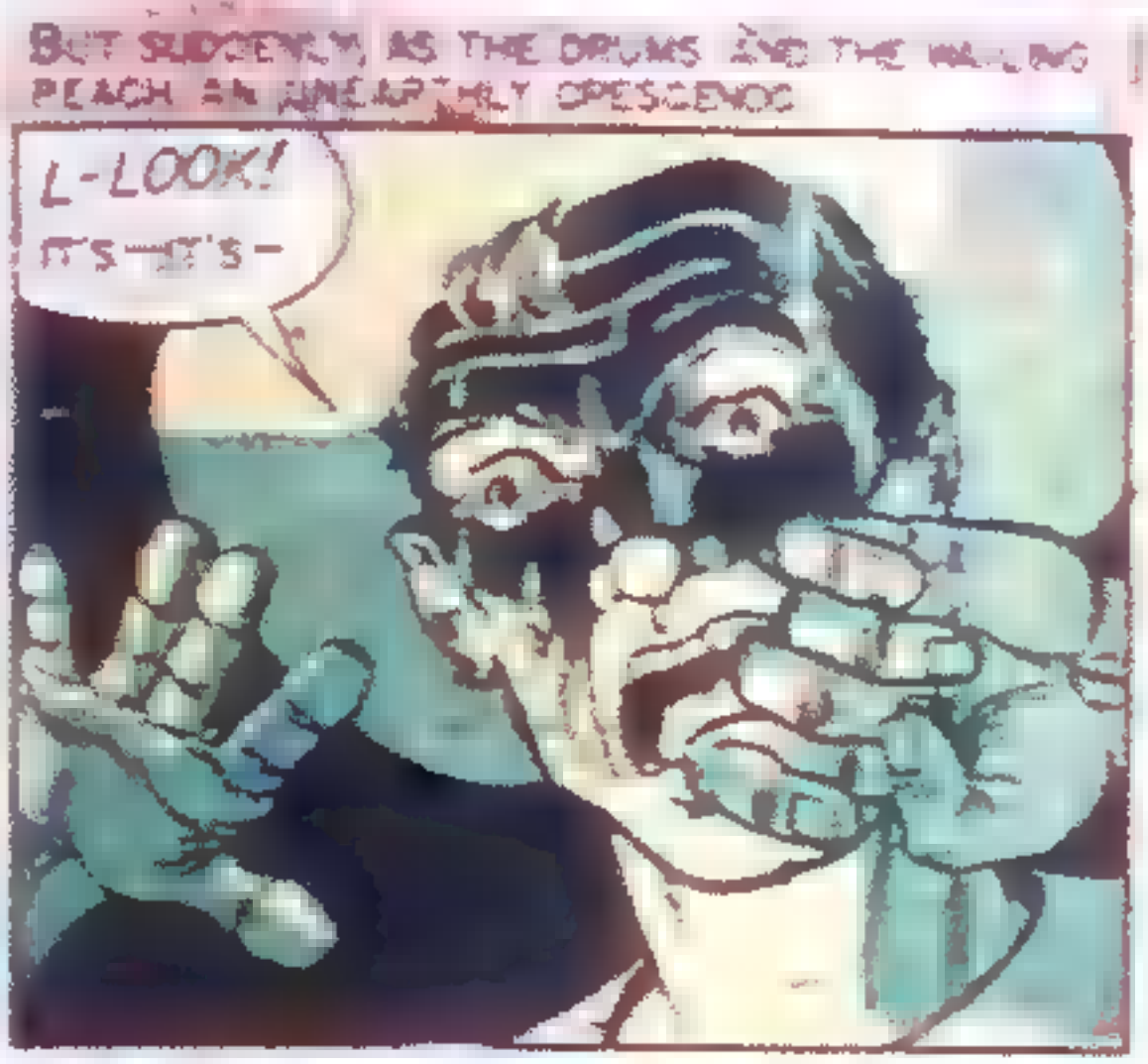
NOT ALL OF THEM. THIS MAN WAS SHOT! IT'S MURDER!

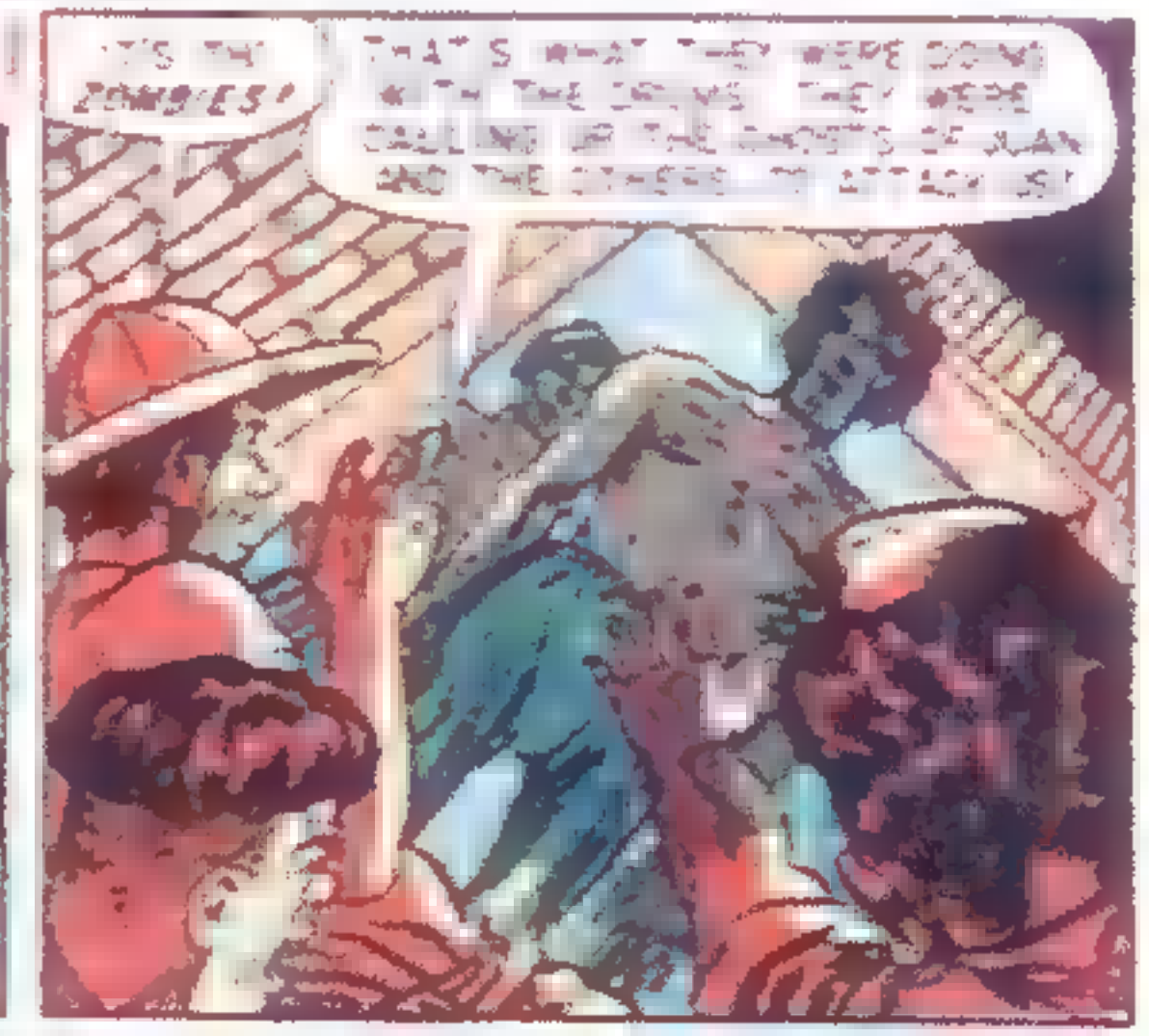
THIS MUST BE THE WORK OF THAT GANG OF SMUGGLERS WE'VE HEARD REPORTS ABOUT! SEND A RADIO MESSAGE TO SHORE! WE'VE GOT TO COMB THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND TO FIND THEM.

MEANWHILE, IN THE SMUGGLERS' HUT...

THOSE INFERNAL DRUMS! WHAT ARE THEY TRYIN' TO DO— DRIVE US *CRAZY?*

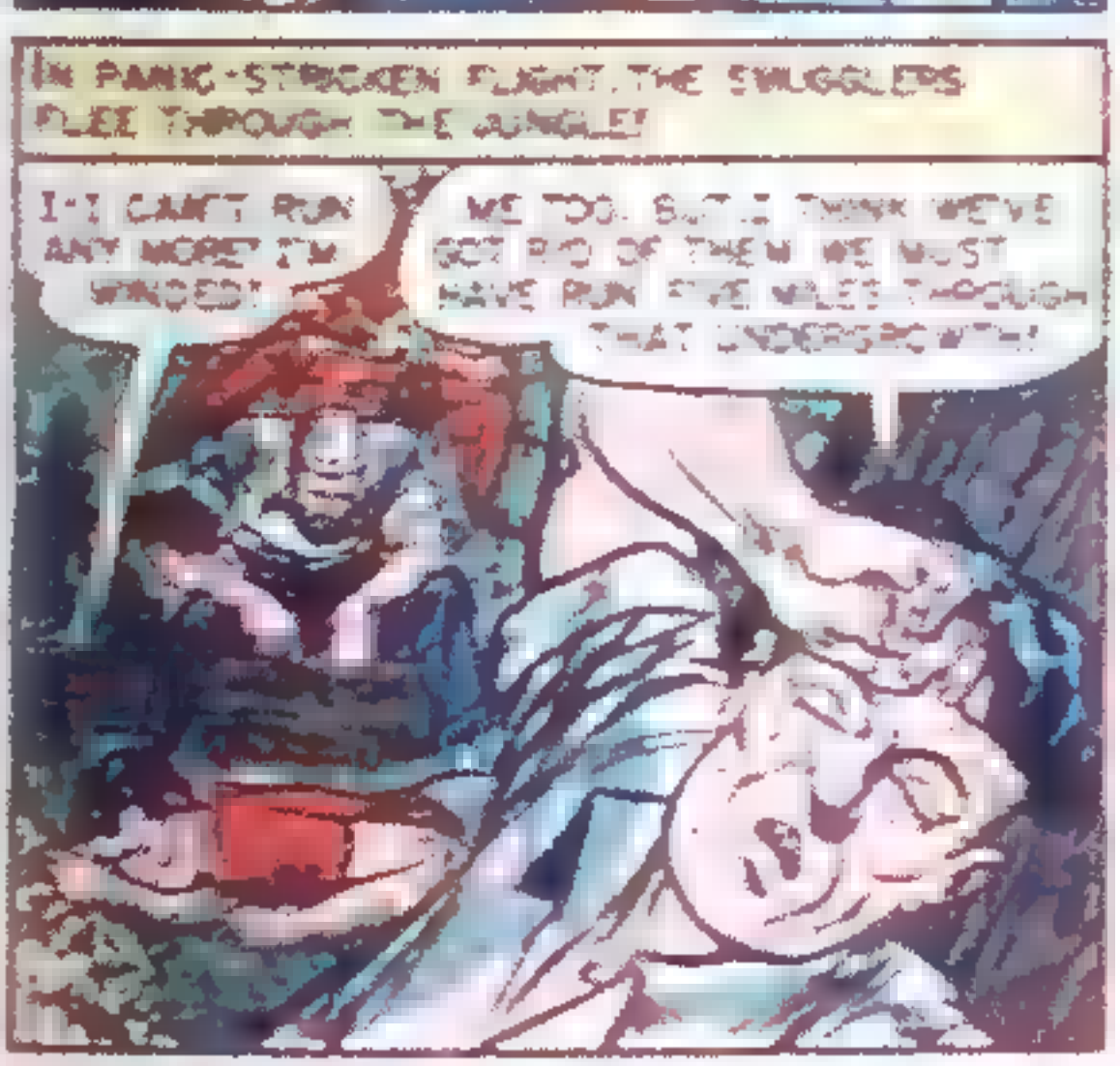
TAKE IT EASY, BLACKIE. THEY WON'T DARE ATTACK US. THEY KNOW WE'VE GOT GUNS!


BUT SUDDENLY, AS THE DRUMS AND THE WAILING REACH AN ALMOST HOLY CRESCENDO
L-LOOK! IT'S—IT'S—


IT'S THE ZOMBIES!
THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE DOING WITH THE DRUMS! THEY WERE CALLING UP THE GHOSTS OF ALAN AND THE OTHERS TO ATTACK US!

GHOSTS, EH? LET'S SEE IF LEAD SLUGS WILL STOP A ZOMBIE!
STOP IT, DEVICE! IT'S NO USE!

NOTHING CAN HURT THEM!
WE'VE GOT TO RUN TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!

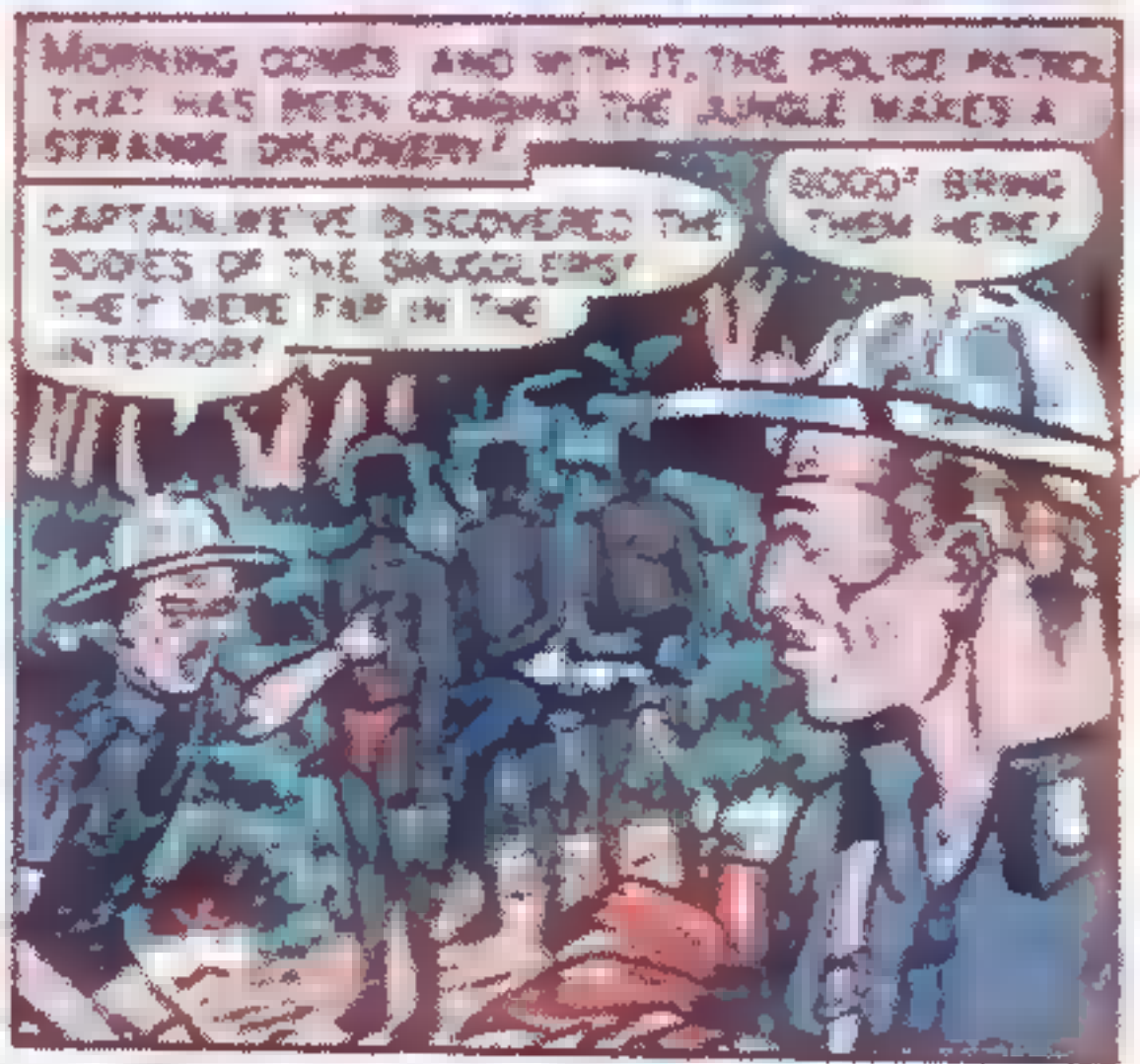

IN PANIC-STRICKEN FLIGHT, THE SMUGGLERS FLEE THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
I-I CAN'T RUN ANY MORE! I'M WINDED!
WE TOO. BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT RID OF THEM. WE MUST HAVE RUN FIVE MILES THROUGH THAT UNDERGROWTH!

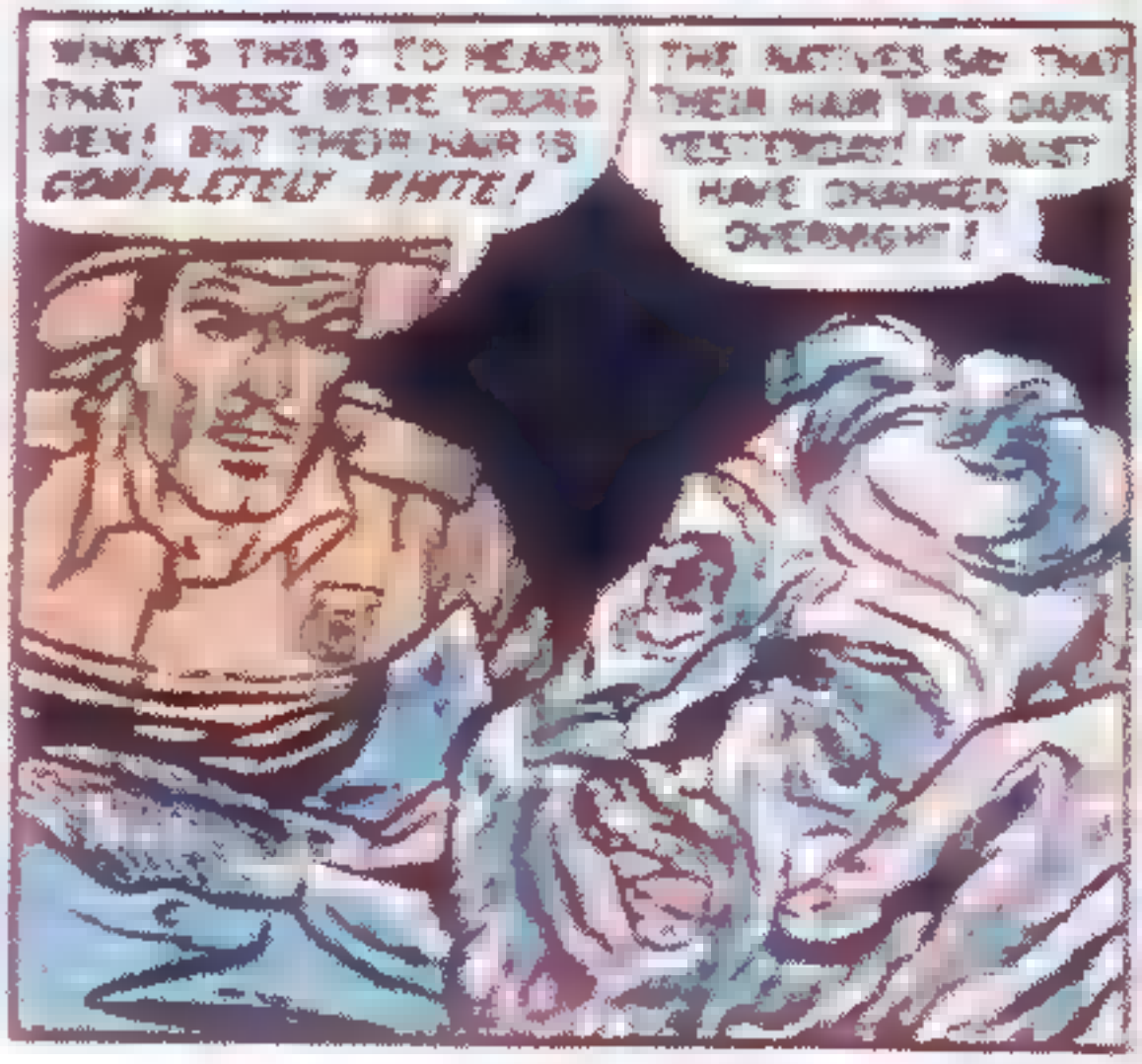
NO! LOOK—THERE THEY ARE STILL COMING AFTER US! THEY WON'T GIVE UP!

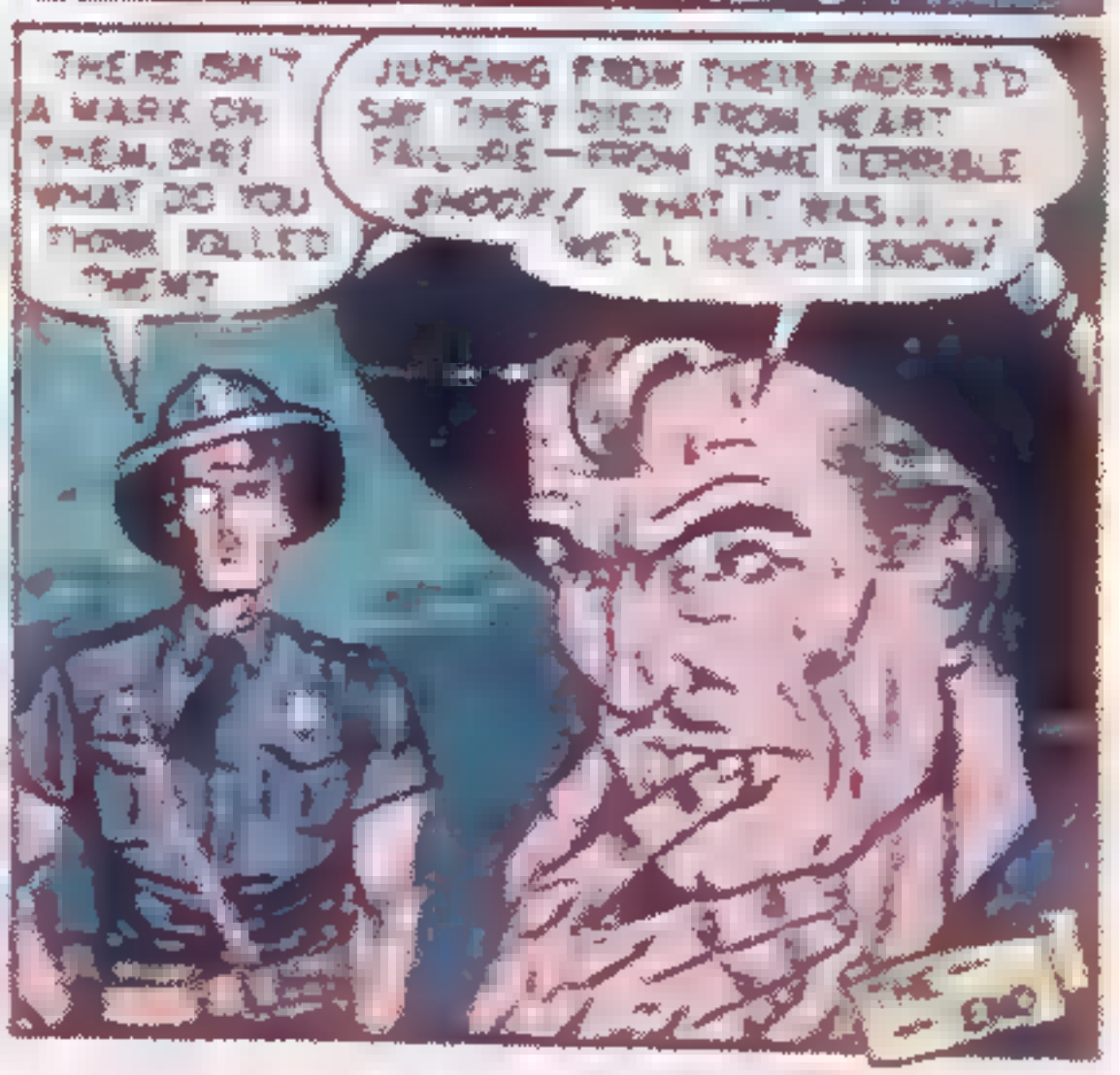
A MAN, THE TERRIFIED CRIMINALS STAGGER THROUGH THE JUNGLE
"EE-O MOVING! FASTER, BLACKIE!"
I-I CAN'T GO FASTER! THE CREEPERS KEEP CATCHING ME... ST-STOPPING ME...

IN THIS BOG I CAN HARDLY MOVE! WE'RE TRAPPED BY THE JUNGLE—BY THE CURSE THE NATIVES PUT ON US!
THEY'RE COMING! I'M TOO CLOSE! THEY'RE ONLY YARDS AWAY!

NO! NO! STAY AWAY! AHEEEEE!!


MORNING COMES AND WITH IT, THE POLICE PATROL THAT HAS BEEN COMBING THE JUNGLE MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY!
CAPTAIN, WE'VE DISCOVERED THE BODIES OF THE SMUGGLERS! THEY WERE FAR IN THE INTERIOR!
GOOD! BRING THEM HERE!


WHAT'S THIS? I'D HEARD THAT THESE WERE YOUNG MEN! BUT THEIR HAIR IS COMPLETELY WHITE!
THE NATIVES SAY THAT THEIR HAIR WAS DARK YESTERDAY! IT MUST HAVE CHANGED OVERNIGHT!


THERE ISN'T A MARK ON THEM, SIR! WHAT DO YOU THINK KILLED THEM?
JUDGING FROM THEIR FACES, I'D SAY THEY DIED FROM HEART FAILURE—FROM SOME TERRIBLE SHOCK! WHAT IT WAS..... WE'LL NEVER KNOW!

TROUBLE ON MIMAS

CAPTAIN BAN BLACK of I. S. P. coaxed his one-man flier across the barren, rocky surface of Mimas, the smallest moon that circled the huge, ringed planet Saturn. Somewhere ahead of him, the notorious outlaw Lee Halter was hiding, waiting for an outlaw spacer to pick him up. It was Black's job to get Halter before he could reach that ship!

He left his needle-shaped ship under the shadow of a giant red-blue speckled mass of solid rock. He took down the new Interplanetary Space Patrol weapon, a fancy automatic rifle with special sights and controls. It was almost foolproof, that gun. It calculated windage, distance, and velocity. It did everything but aim itself.

Captain Black dropped from the air-valve onto the rocky shale that littered the planet. He floated downward, almost weightless. Black touched the control buttons of his spacesuit. The gravity controls went into effect, and Black felt himself nearly on the small bulk of the moon.

Looming across the entire horizon, was the great bulk of Saturn. Its rings were great bands of moving light. They made a blazing, spectacular background as Captain Black strode off across the rocks. His alert eyes scanned the desolate waste. Anxiously he gnawed at his lip, remembering that he had put himself on the spot by offering to go after Halter and bring him in.

Halter was a sore spot with the Patrol. His daring ventures into the trade lanes was costing the Interplanetary government a lot of money. Worse, it menaced the uranium deposits on Mars and Titan. Earth needed those uranium deposits to power its great dynamos with atomic energy. For hundreds of years, Earth had been out of uranium, having used its deposits of the rare mineral for batteries and engines. If Earth did not secure the uranium on Mars and Titan, it would sink back to the pre-atomic age!

Realizing all that, Captain Black volunteered to go out after Halter. If he brought him back, there would be medals and a promotion. But no one ever had captured Halter. Very few who saw him even returned to tell about it!

Far ahead of him, a black speck moved against the golden-yellow of the crude, grotesque rocks. Black froze, his hand trembling with excitement on the new rifle. If it were Halter—!

Just one shot at him with the automatic weapon, and the daring outlaw would be wounded and his prisoner! Captain Black choked back a cry and dropped flat.

It was the outlaw!

He had moved far out among the rocks, swung arms and legs. He was going up the sloping side of a distant mesa. Probably seeking a vantage point from which to signal the outlaw spacer when it came down on Mimas for him, reasoned the I. S. P. officer.

Black brought up his gun, sighting along the barrel, finger throwing open the light control cells that operated instantly to allow for velocity, distance and windage. Slowly and expertly, he squeezed the trigger. Captain Black had won marksmanship medals at Space Officers' Training School. There would be no missing. He fired.

Through the telescopic sight, he saw the flash of explosion on the rock behind Halter. He had missed—by three feet! Halter's tense, space-tanned face turned toward him, blue eyes searching. Black could see the surprise and momentary panic in those eyes. Halter had located himself alone on the little moon.

Halter had seen him! The outlaw was fling-

he turned sideways, aiming at his own gun. Long. With a gasp of surprise, Captain Black saw that it was one of the new automatic rifles. The government said you could make your target with one of those weapons. But he had missed—

And Halter missed!

The I. S. P. officer heard the spanning of the explosive pellet hitting itself into harmlessness on the black rock beyond him. Then he was up and diving for cover. His eyes focused on that dream speck that was the outlaw.

Another spanning behind him showed that Halter had him in his sights. But the great outlaw was running! Halter had a reputation as an expert shot. Black couldn't understand it.

Slowly the little moon circled the giant planet Saturn. Four after hour Captain Black crept slowly closer and closer to Halter. He wanted a closer shot, and he told himself intently that this time he would say good. He could not miss. I'll be just close enough!

Bruised and scratched by the jagged rocks his spacesuit rubbed raw, close to the breaking stage, the I. S. P. officer was risking everything to get Halter. Now he was under the shadows of the main rock where Halter lay hidden. Soon he would be in position for that one shot he wanted.

His moment came. Halter raised himself up over the rocks peering. He was less than three hundred yards away.

The rifle was in his hands. Steadily he raised his cheek to the splendid wood stock. He squeezed the trigger. The gun blazed.

For a long second, Captain Black lay and stared at the outlaw, waiting for him to fall. And then he saw the explosive pellet from his rifle blast the empty air, a mile left and beyond Halter.

He had missed!

"It's a curse, a curse on the head of anyone who goes spacebum hunting for him!"

But Halter was whirling and shooting back at Black—and Halter was running, too! The great rocks between Black and Halter fell, leaving the schoolgirls in a sheltering gallery!

Black slid behind a projecting rock, shaking his head. His hands began to tremble. This was impossible, incredible!

And to make it worse—

He could see the outlaw spaceship heading past the great bulk of Saturn, dropping down at awesome speed toward the little moon. Once that ship landed, he would be so far outnumbered, he wouldn't have a chance to get Halter. He would have to go back to Mars Port with his tail between his legs—just because he had missed an easy target!

Desperately, fighting against time, Black threw his rifle to his shoulder. Again and again he triggered it, showering the rocks all around Halter with exploding pellets. And he missed them all!

The spaceship was rocketing down. Frantic, Captain Black dived up at it, waiting for it to use the rocketbrakes. It came nearer and nearer, not braking, but diving at a tangent, to get its great bulk into the gravitational tug of the small moon.

Then Captain Black laughed!

He threw back his head and the laughter boomed in his space-helmet until tears oozed from his eyes. He gasped, "What an idiot I've been! All along I've forgotten one big thing. I'll never dare tell anyone what it is."

He fumbled with his rifle, touching the controls, and waited. Halter saw the spaceship, began to squirm toward it. Captain Black sighted along the barrel, pressed the trigger. This time he did not miss. Halter staggered, took two steps, and fell face forward on the rocks.

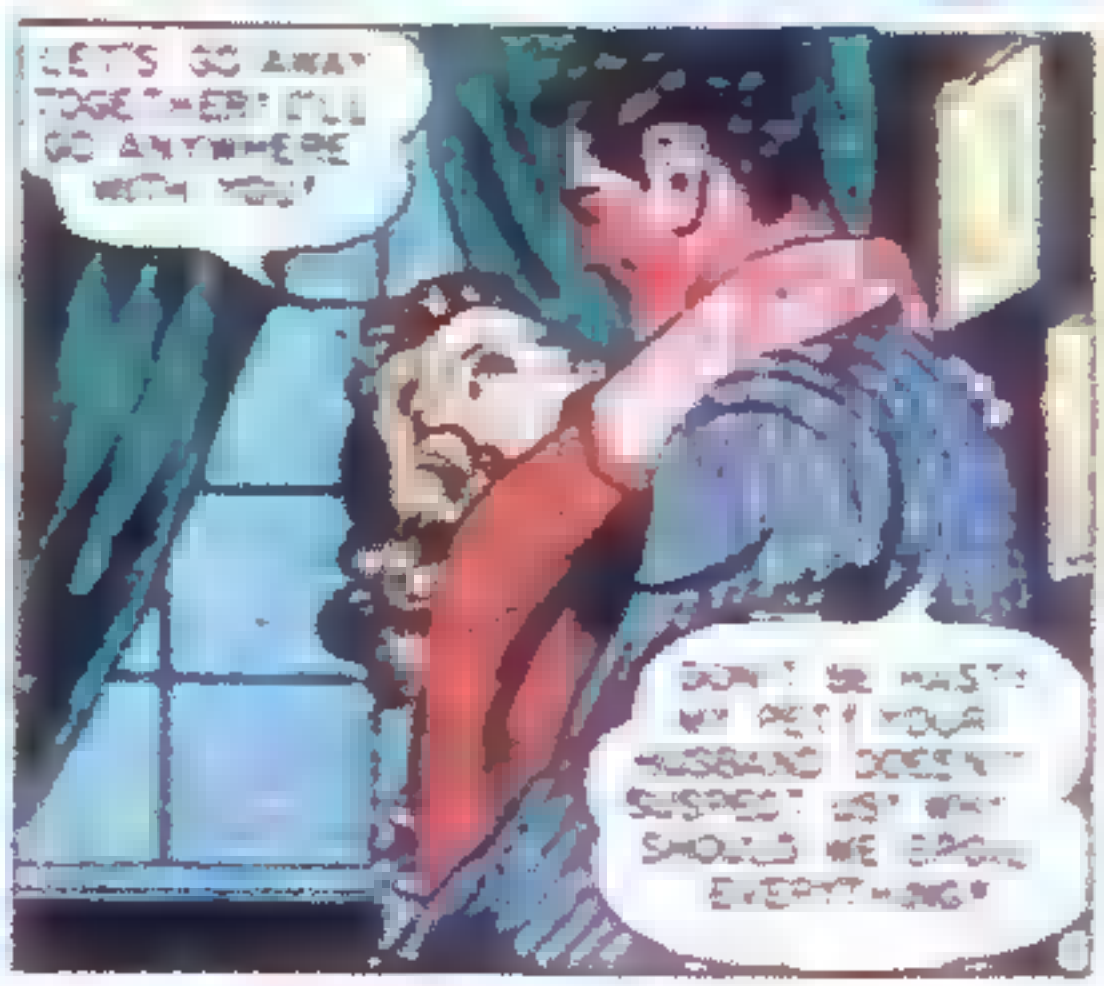
As Captain Black walked toward him, to drag him under sheltering rocks until the outlawspaceship would search and leave, he muttered, "No sir! Forget about that! Naturally, the automatic rifle would be calculating air resistance! When I saw that spaceship had to use its brakes, I realized it was because there was no air to fight against, no friction to bother it. Mimas has no atmosphere!"

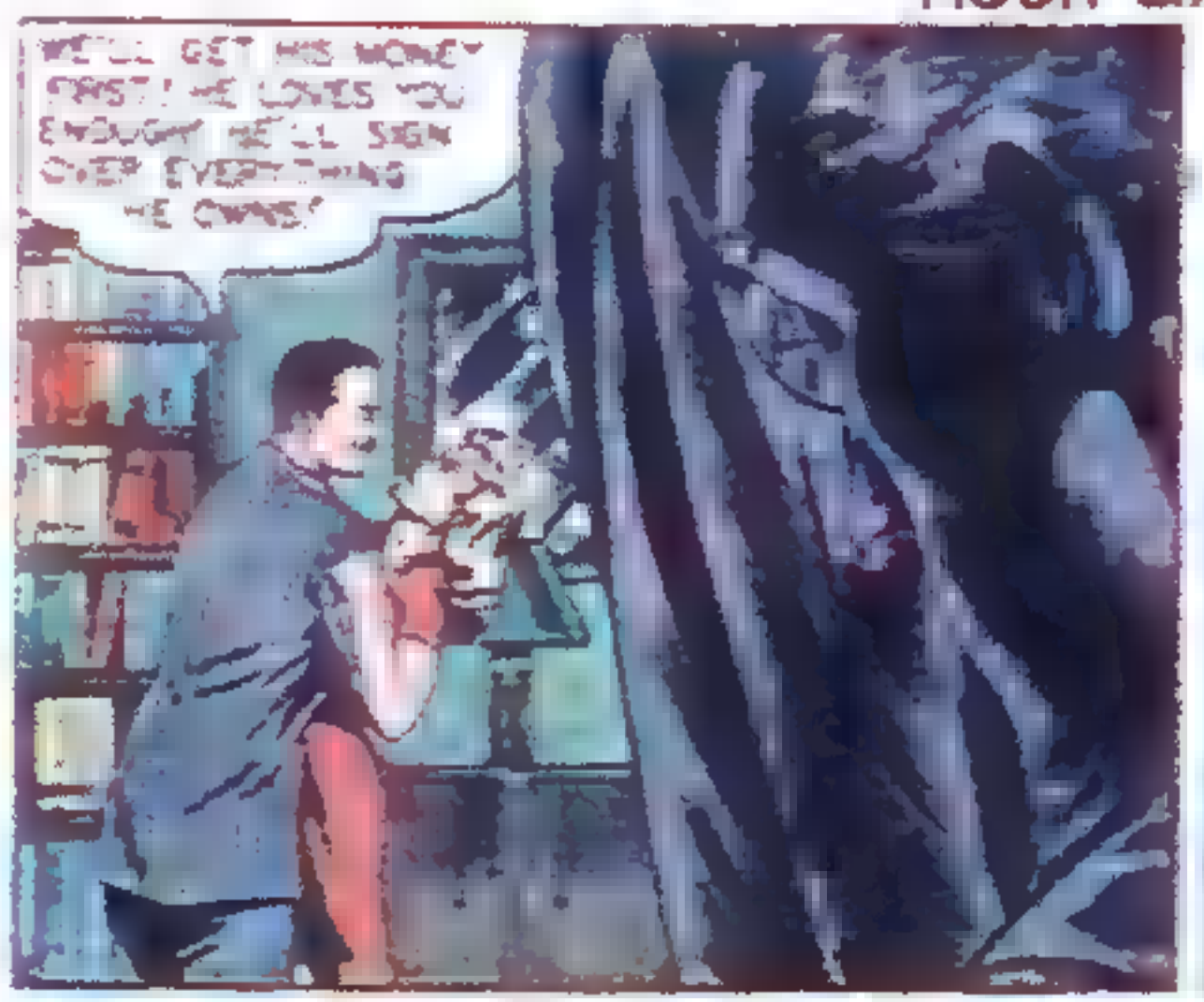
MOON GIRL

CLARE LOVE, TEACHER AT THE RUBBLEY SCHOOL, ACTUALLY IS THE FAMOUS MOON GIRL, PRINCESS OF SAMARKAND, WHOSE MAGIC MOONSTONE GIVES HER STRANGE AND INCREDIBLE POWERS.

LONEL MATTHEWS, AS THE PRINCE, IS HER FAITHFUL SUITOR—HIMSELF A TRUE SON OF HERCULES, MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY MAN ON EARTH. HE ACCOMPANIES THE LOVELY MOON GIRL IN HER ADVENTURES AND NOW TO THE STRANGE AFFAIR OF

"THE CORPSE WITH WILL-POWER"

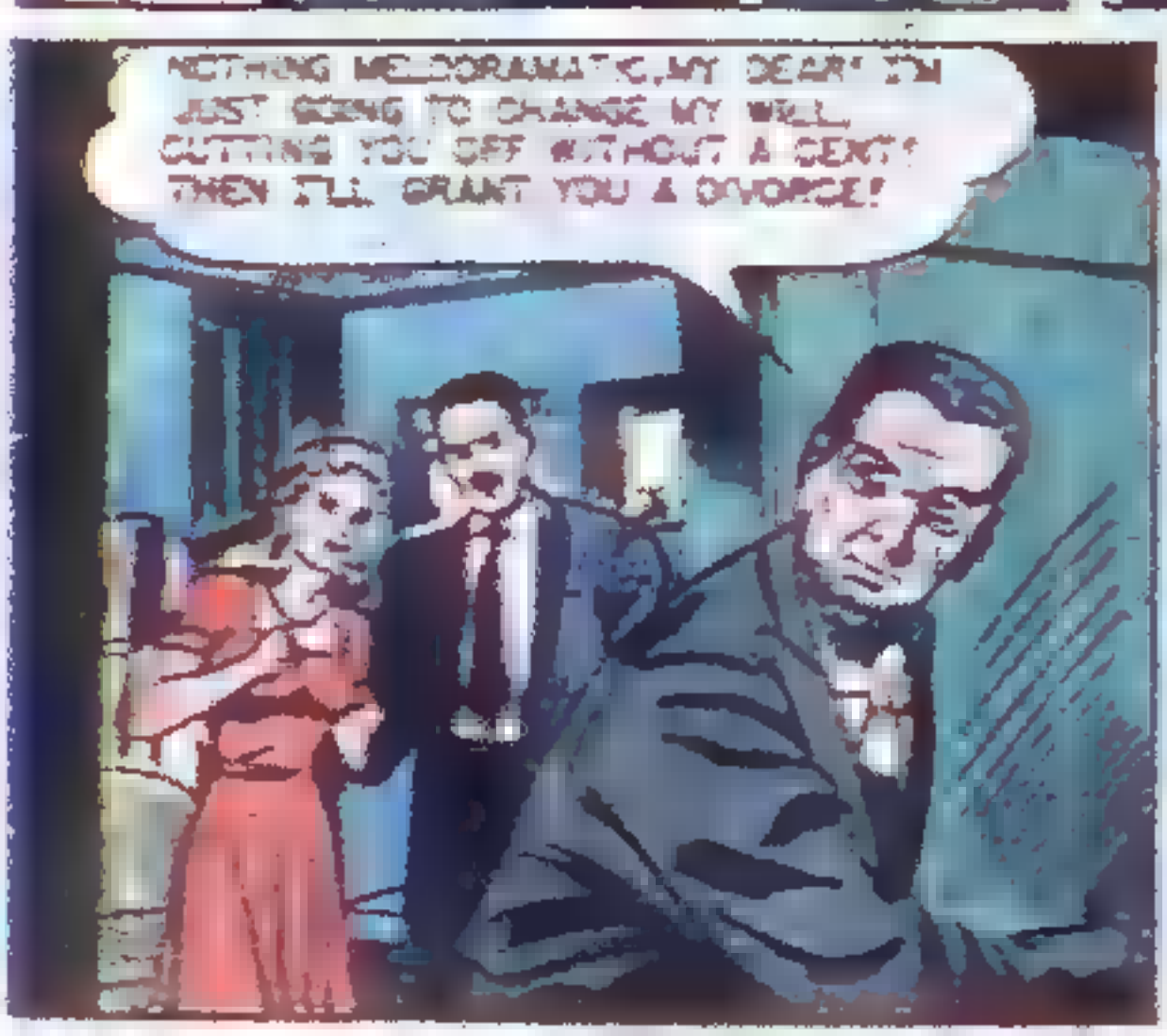



WE'LL GET HIS MONEY FIRST! HE LOVES YOU ENOUGH HE'LL SIGN OVER EVERYTHING HE OWNS!

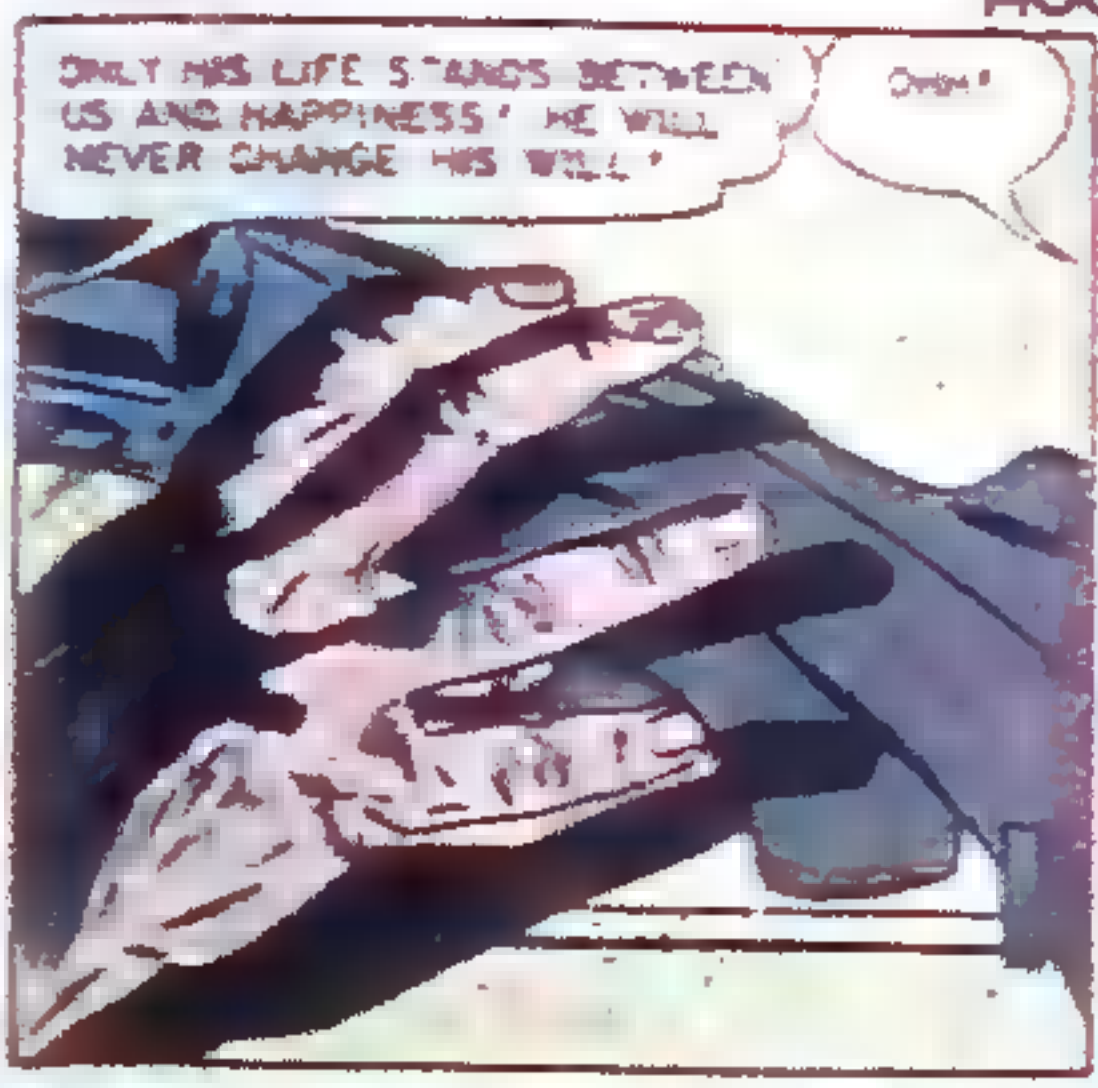
WELL?
PROFESSOR BLOOLIN! YOU-YOU MEAN?

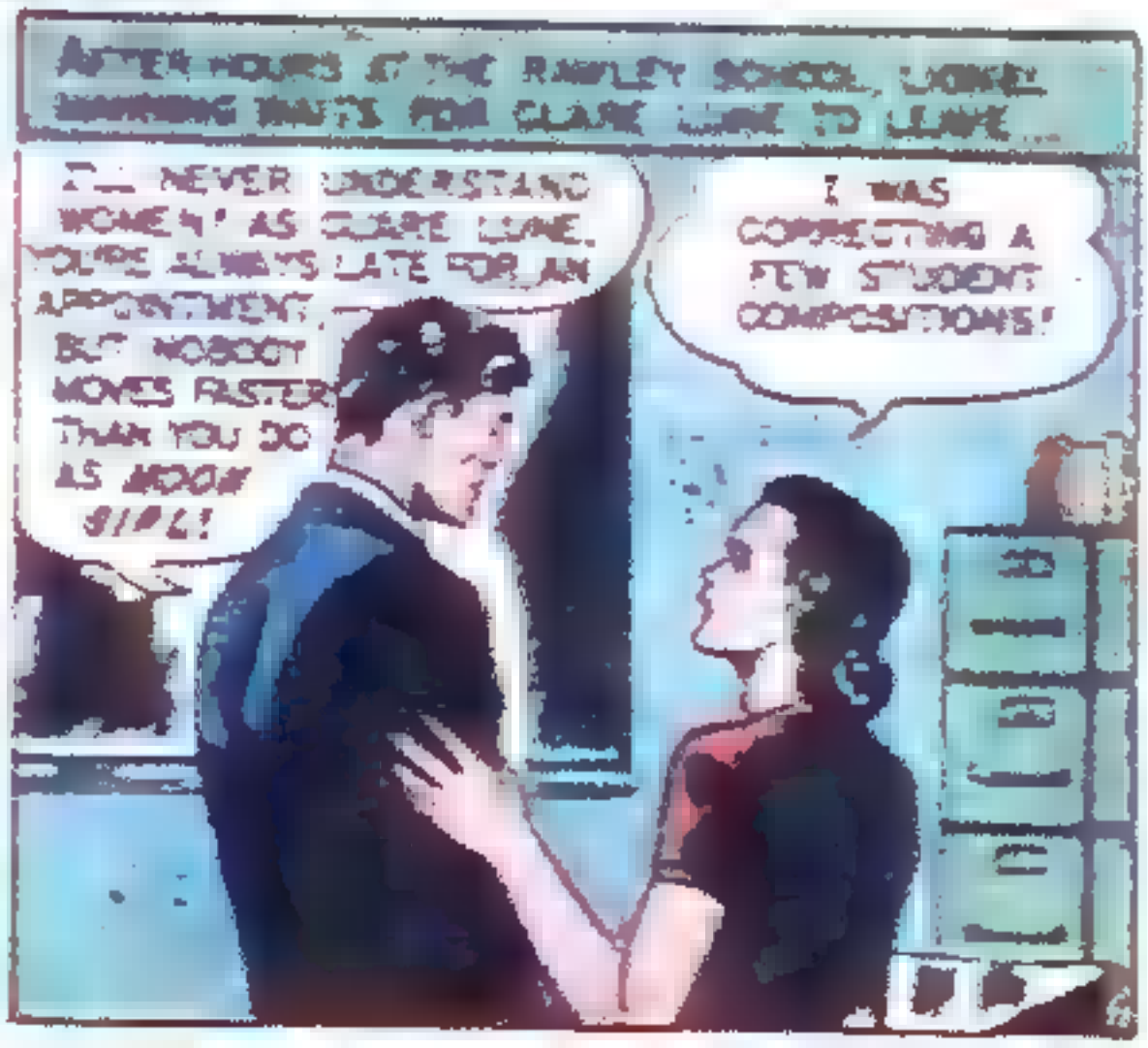
YES--I HEARD EVERYTHING! KIRK DAGGART, MY BEST FRIEND, AND MY WIFE MARGET! I SUPPOSE I'VE BEEN A FOOL NEVER TO HAVE GUESSED!

YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR FREEDOM! YOU CAN MARRY EACH OTHER--AND LIVE IN POVERTY! IT WILL BE A GOOD TEST OF YOUR LOVE!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?


NOTHING MELODRAMATIC, MY DEAR! I'M JUST GOING TO CHANGE MY WILL, CUTTING YOU OFF WITHOUT A CENT! THEN I'LL GRANT YOU A DIVORCE!

KIRK, YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID!--WITHOUT A CENT! THAT CAN'T HAPPEN TO US!
IT WON'T HAPPEN! WE'VE COME TOO FAR TO STOP NOW!

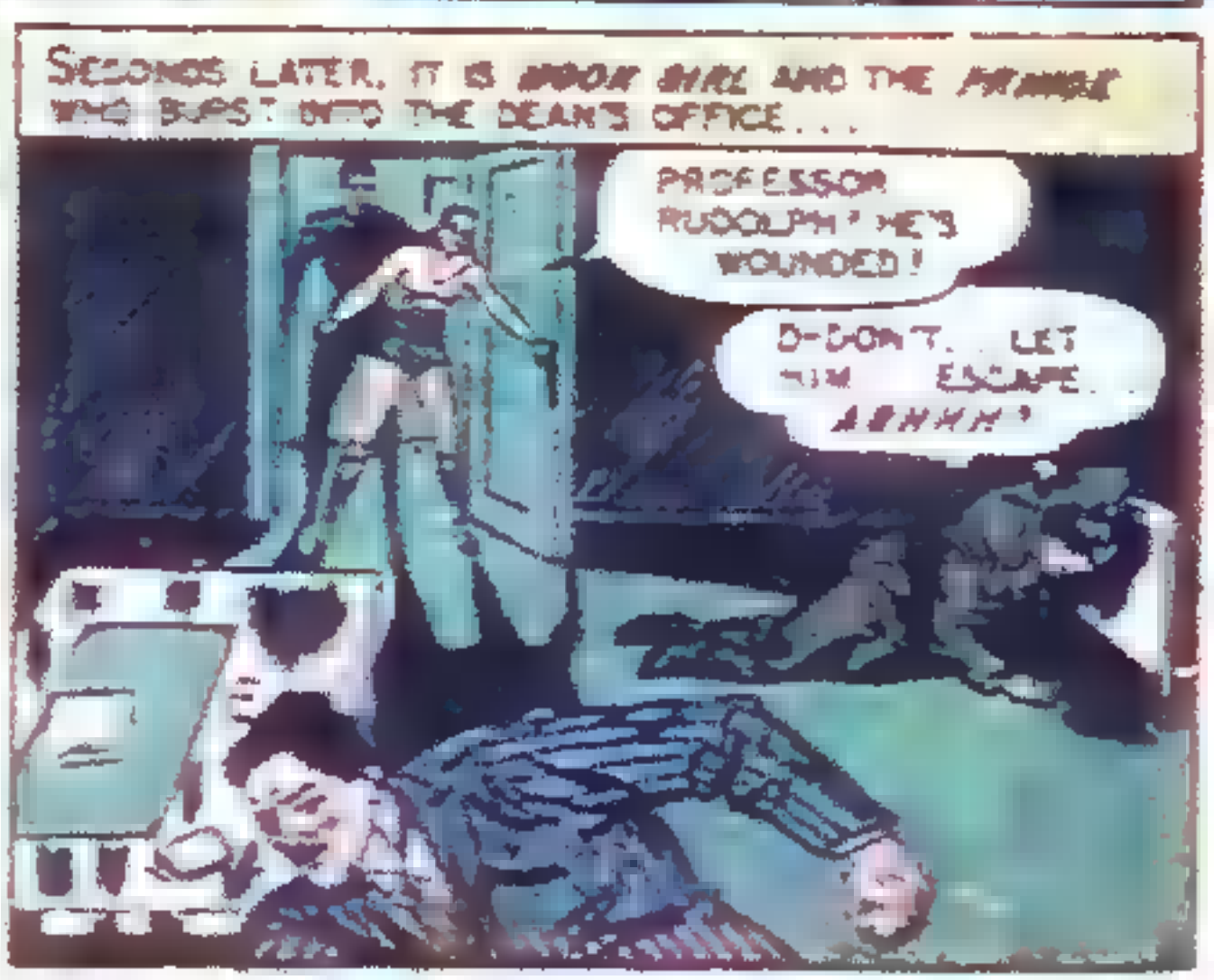

ONLY HIS LIFE STANDS BETWEEN US AND HAPPINESS! HE WILL NEVER CHANGE HIS WILL!
OHH!

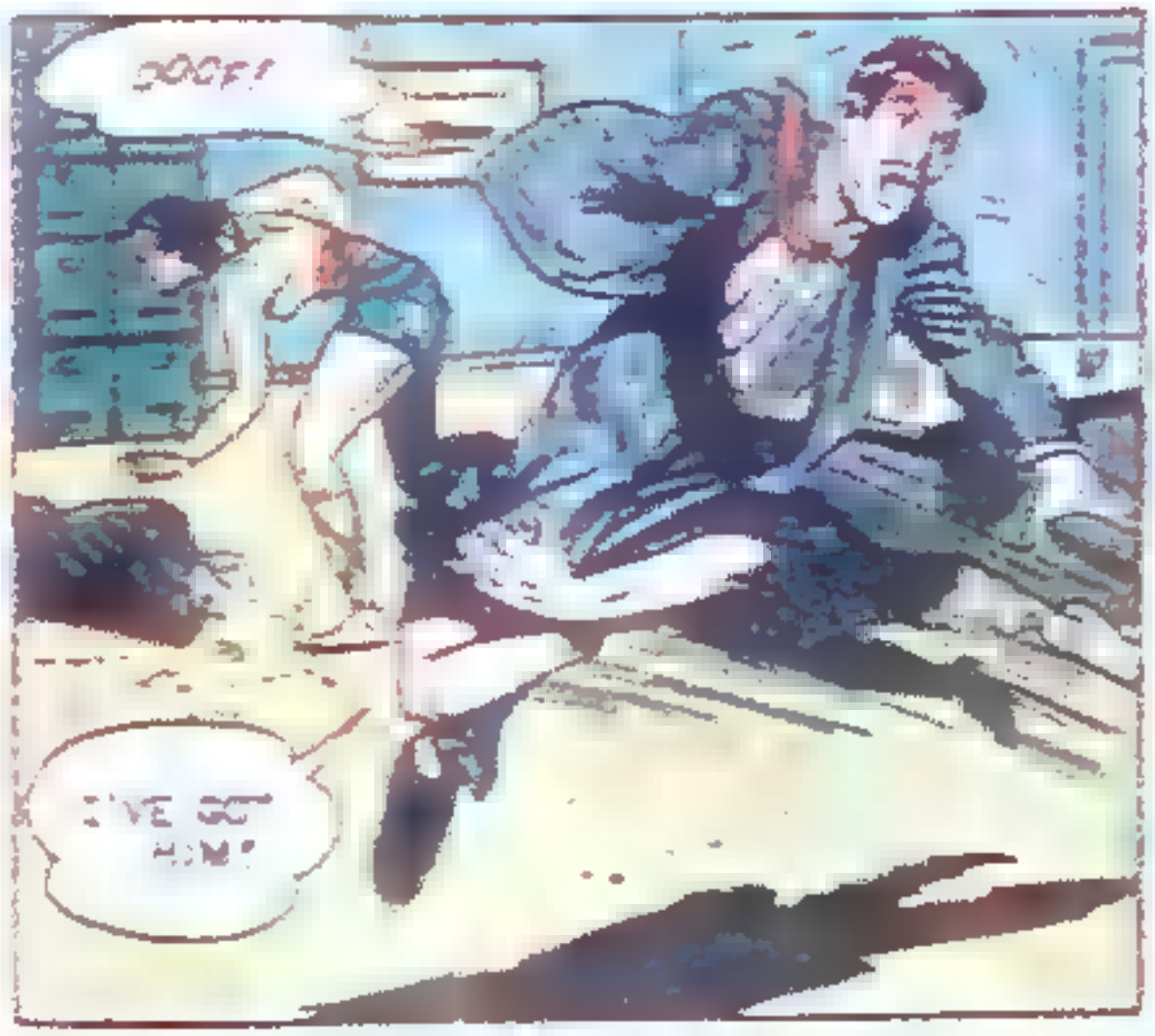

AFTER HOURS AT THE RAWLEY SCHOOL, LORNE WARNING WAITS FOR CLARE LONE TO LEAVE...
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WOMEN! AS CLARE LONE, YOU'RE ALWAYS LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT, BUT NOBODY MOVES FASTER THAN YOU DO AS MOON GIRL!
I WAS CORRECTING A FEW STUDENT COMPOSITIONS!

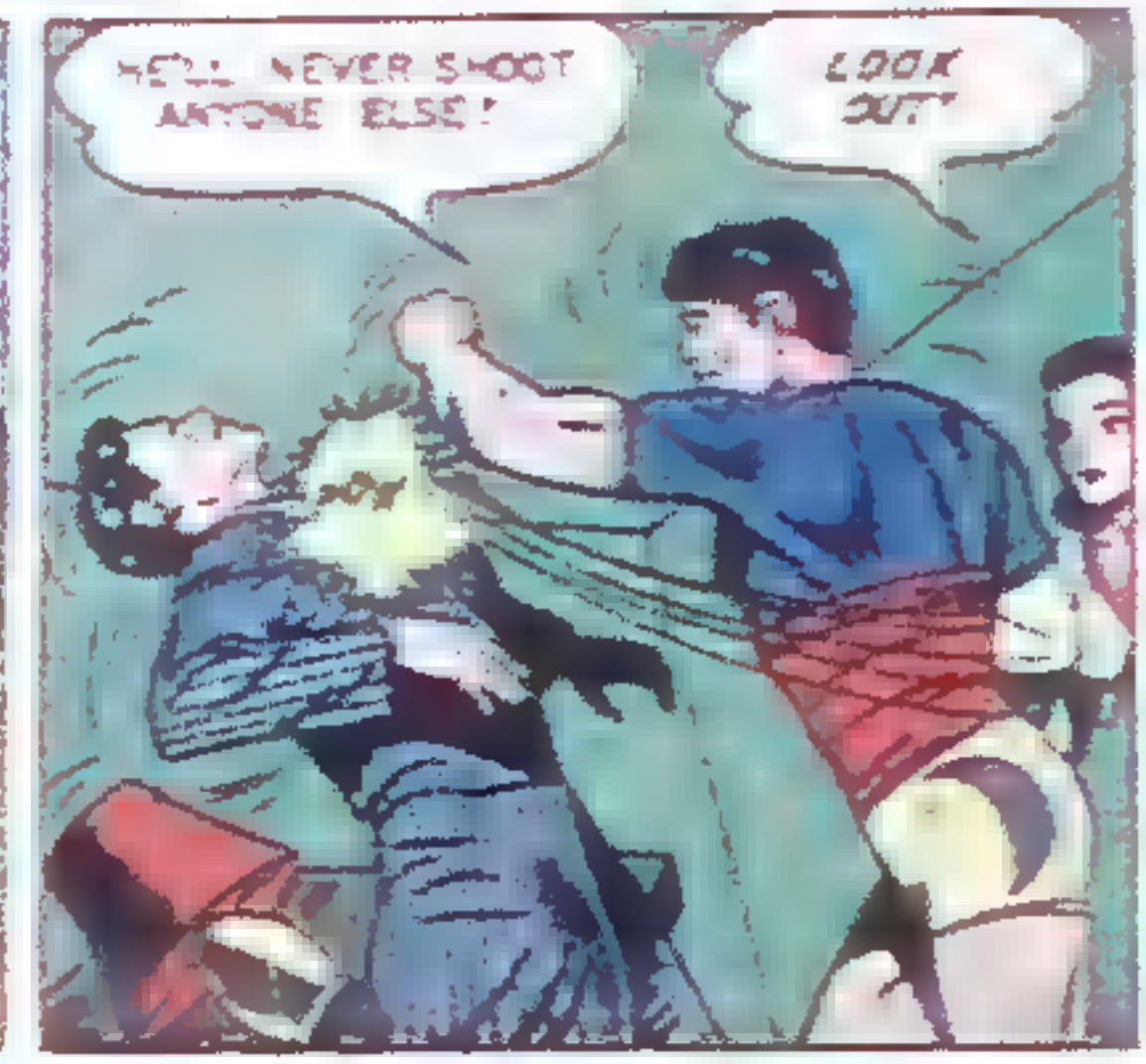
PROF. RUDOLPH CLAIMS THAT THE MIND IS COMPLETE MASTER OF THE BODY--IT CAN FORCE THE BODY TO PERFORM ANY TASK, NO MATTER HOW IMPOSSIBLE, PROVIDED THE MIND DESIRES IT STRONGLY ENOUGH!
HE MAY BE RIGHT!

MODERN SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT, WITHIN LIMITS, THE HUMAN MIND CAN ACCOMPLISH ALMOST ANYTH...
BANG

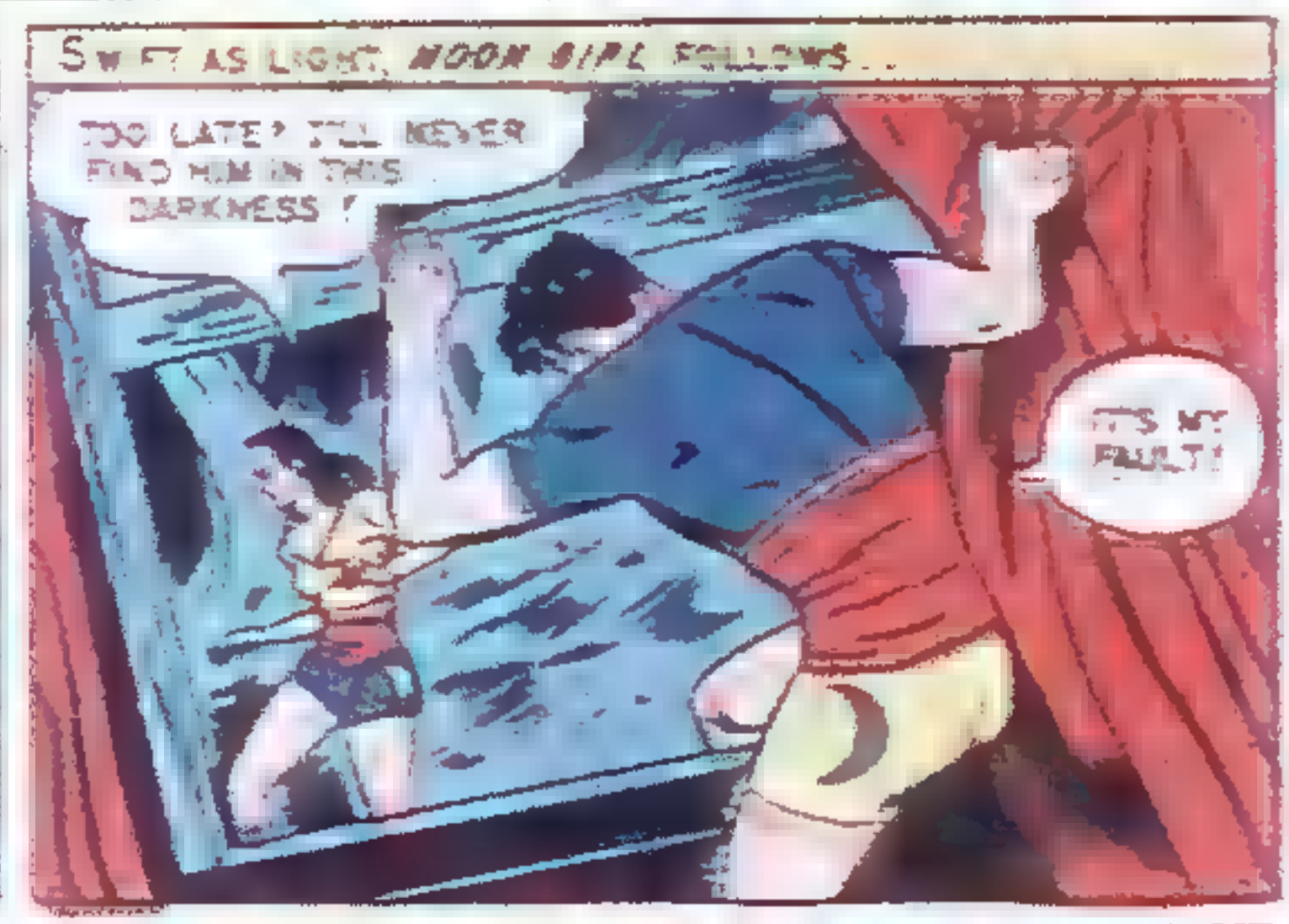
THAT WAS A SHOT!
QUICK! CHANGE COSTUME...


SECONDS LATER, IT IS MOON GIRL AND THE PRINCE WHO BURST INTO THE DEAN'S OFFICE...
PROFESSOR RUDOLPH! HE'S WOUNDED!
D-DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE. ARHHH!

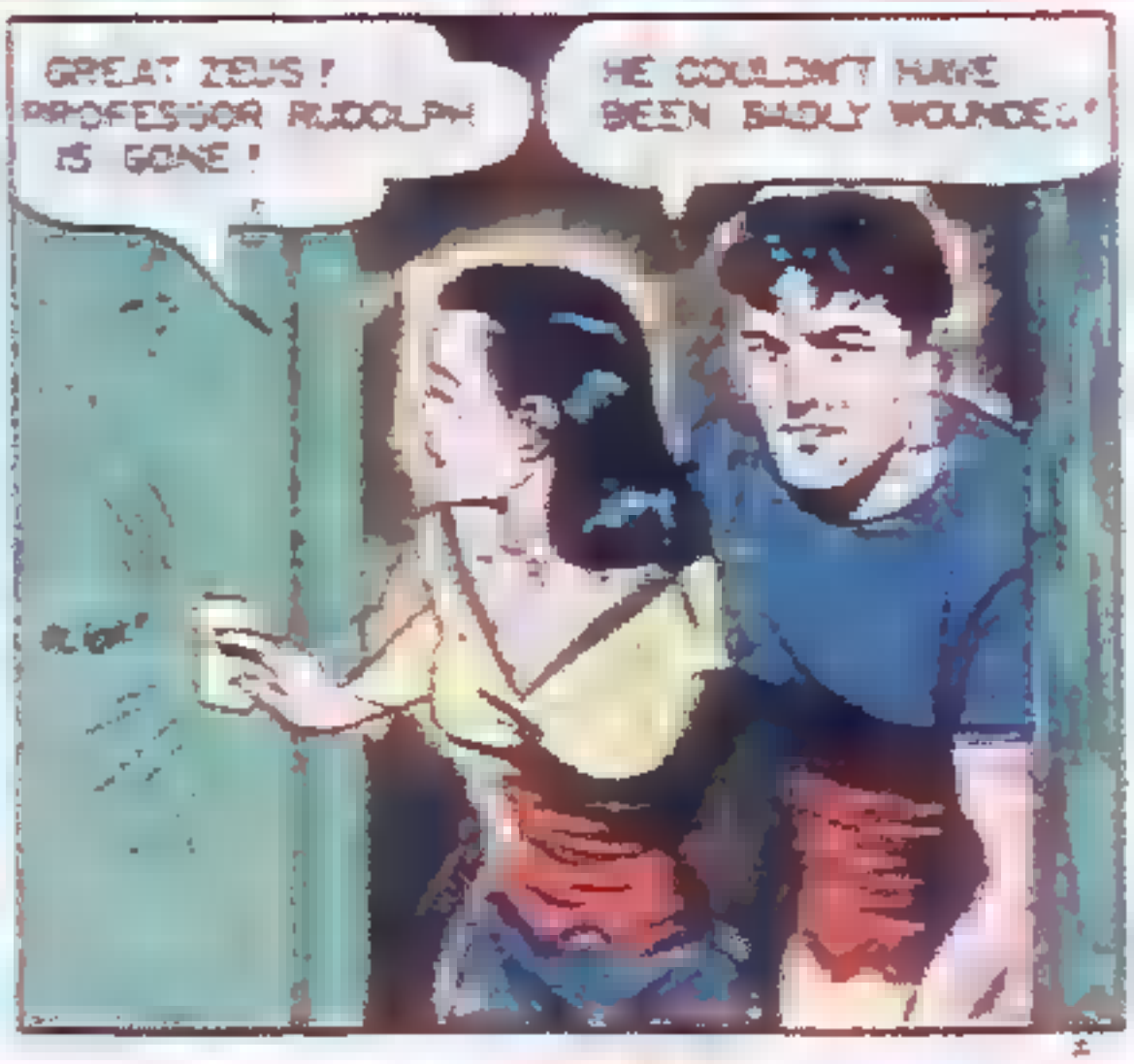

OOOF!
I'VE GOT HIM!

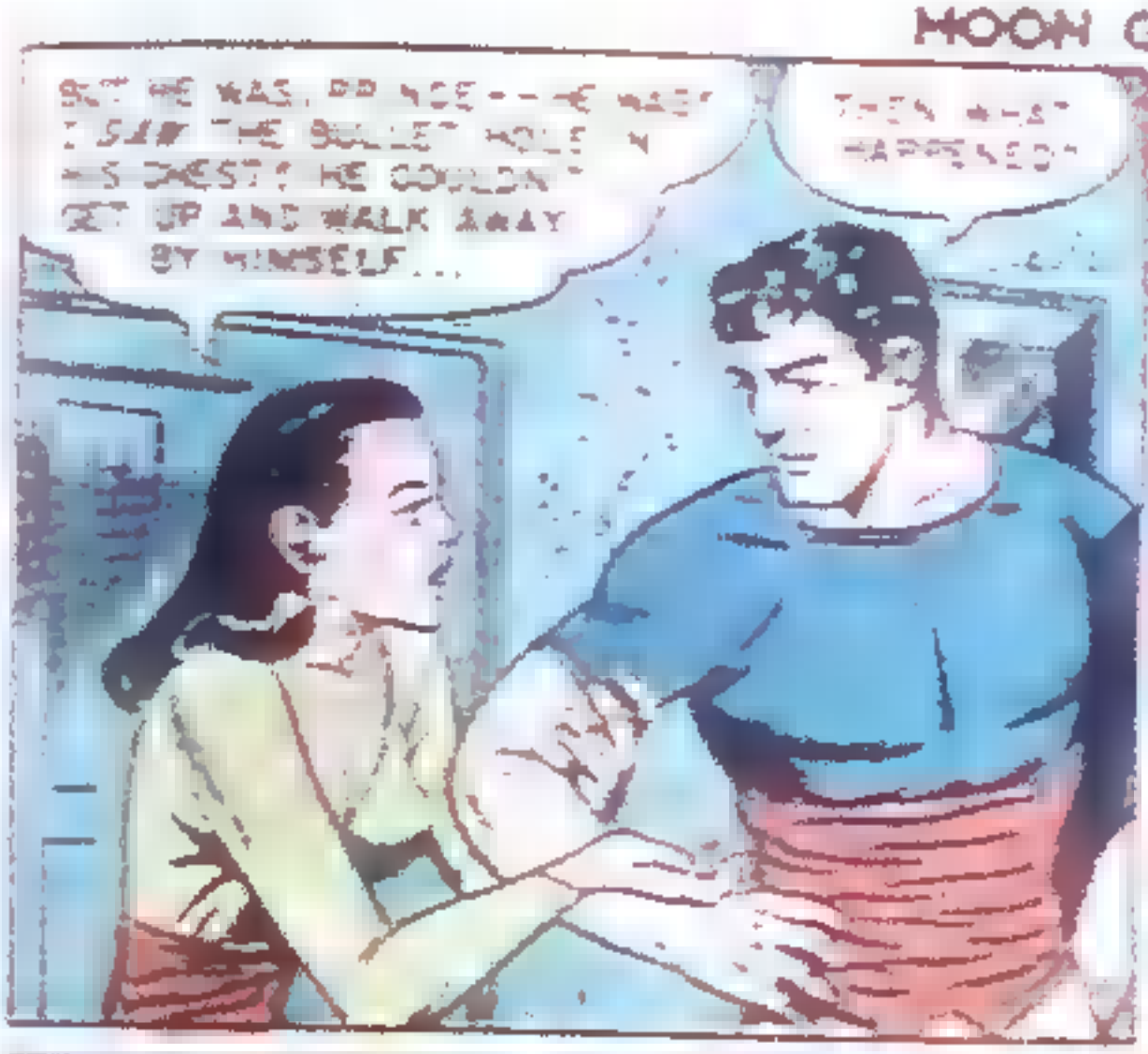

HE'LL NEVER SHOOT ANYONE ELSE!
LOOK OUT!

THE LIGHTS!
THE WINDOW, PRINCE! THERE HE GOES!


SWIFT AS LIGHT, MOON GIRL FOLLOWS...
TOO LATE! I'LL NEVER FIND HIM IN THIS DARKNESS!
IT'S MY FAULT!

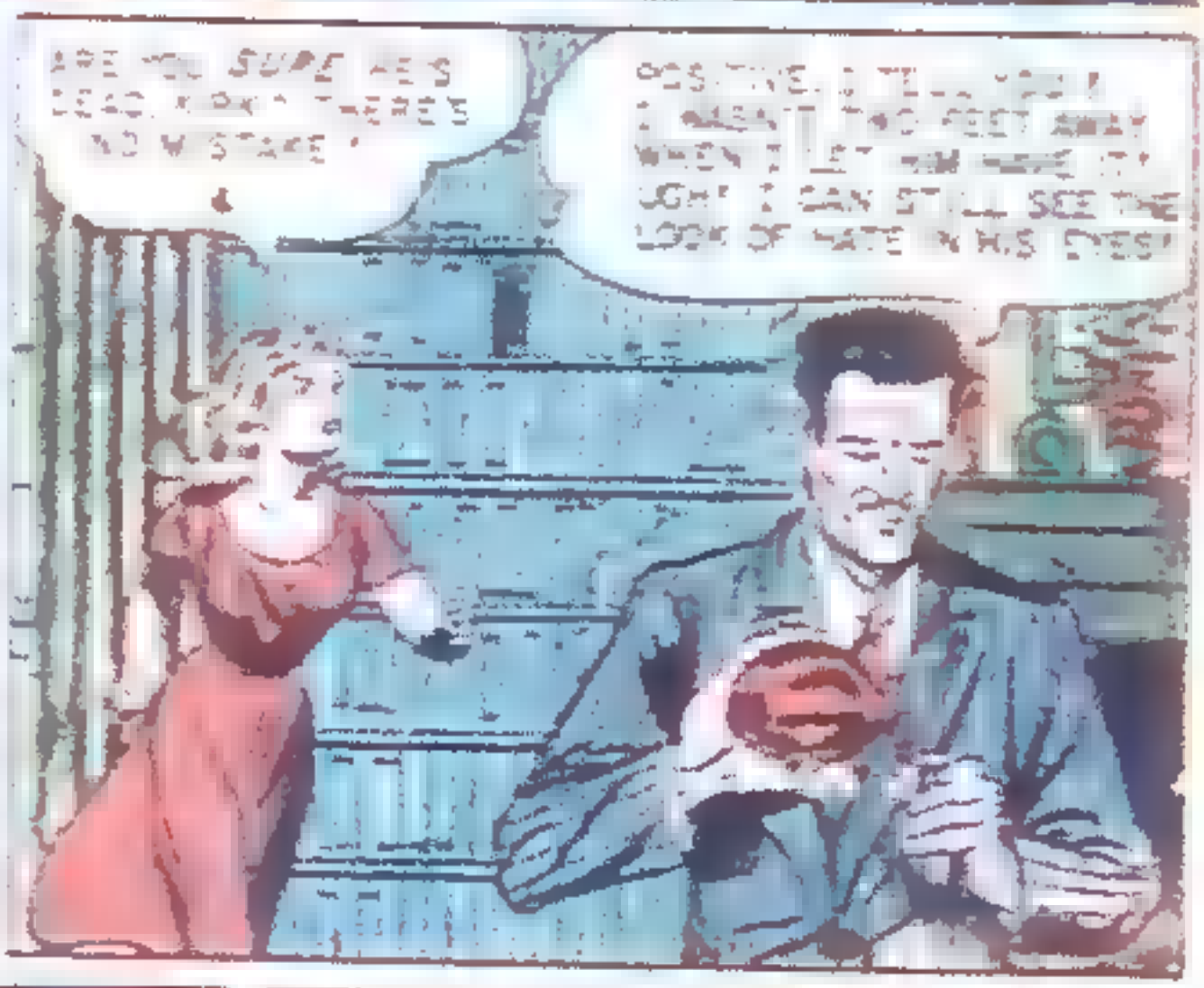
I SHOULDN'T HAVE KNOCKED HIM INTO THAT LAMP!
YOU COULDN'T HELP IT, PRINCE! WE'D BETTER GO BACK AND DO WHAT WE CAN FOR PROFESSOR RUDOLPH!


GREAT ZEUS! PROFESSOR RUDOLPH IS GONE!
HE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BADLY WOUNDED!


BUT HE WAS, DID NOT -- HE WAS! I SAW THE BULLET HOLE IN HIS CHEST! HE COULDN'T GET UP AND WALK AWAY BY HIMSELF...
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

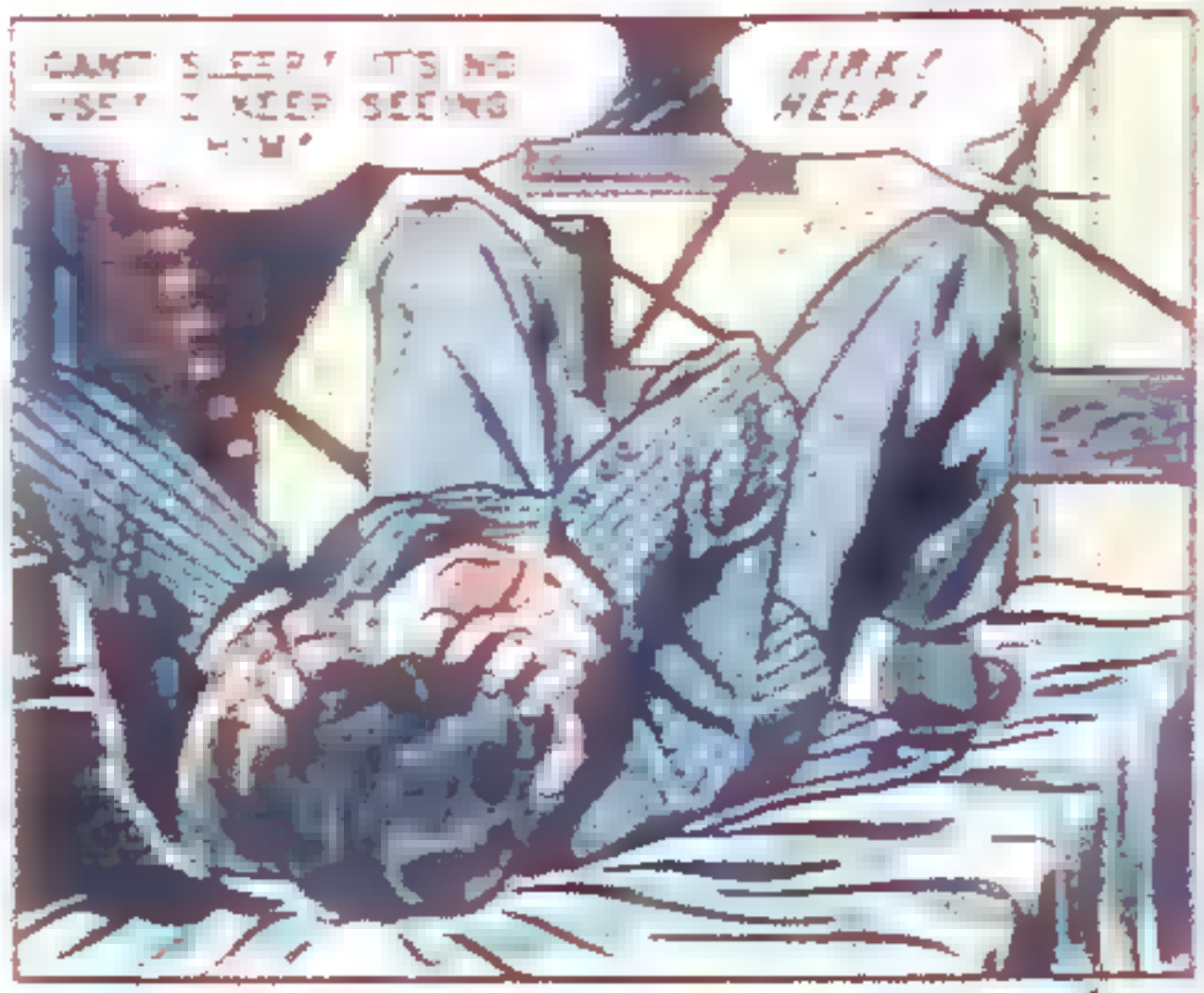
I'LL GO TO [illegible] AND ME A GUN BUT [illegible] UP TO MY WAY OF REVENGE AND I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!

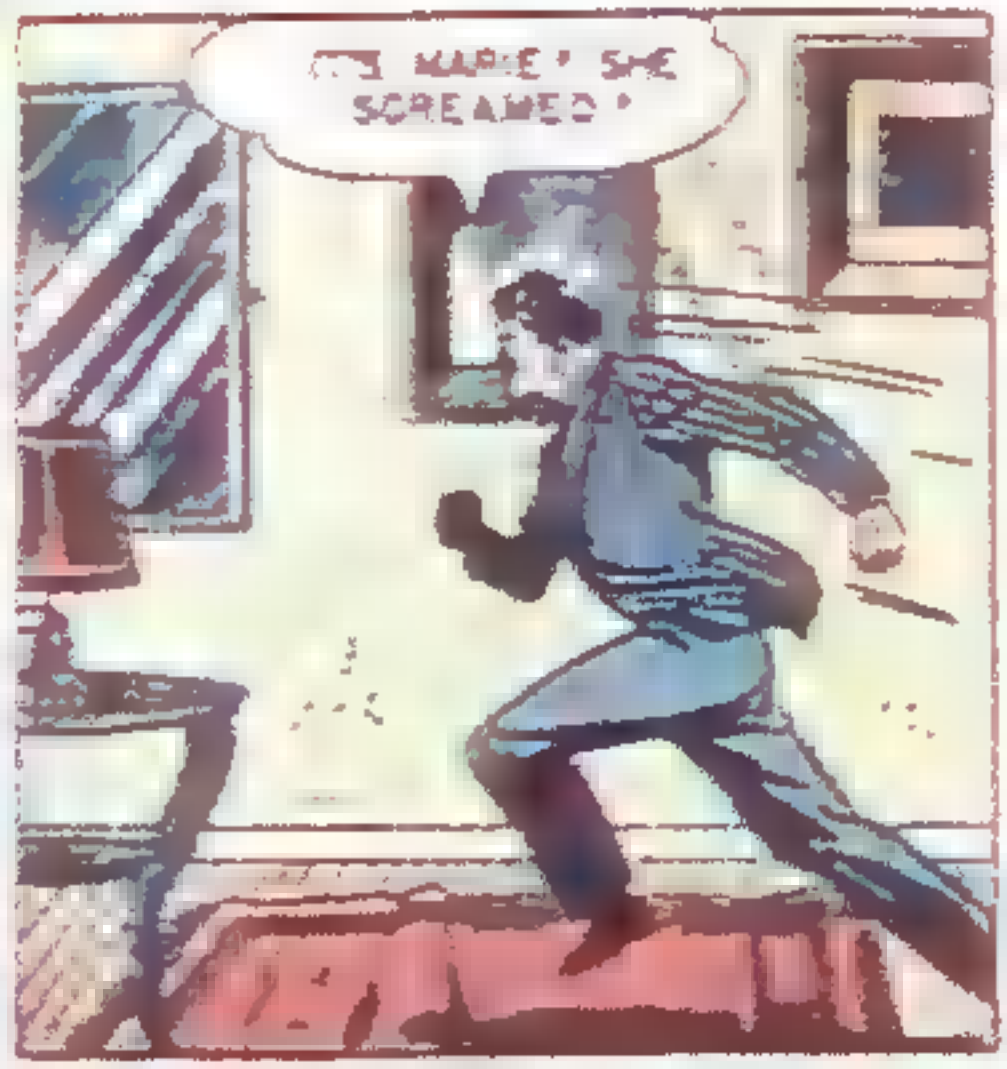
CAN'T... STOP YOU! I'LL MAKE THEM PAY!


ARE YOU SURE HE'S DEAD, MONA? THERE'S NO MISTAKE?
OOH, TINE, I TELL YOU! I WASN'T TWO FEET AWAY WHEN I LET HIM HAVE IT! UGH! I CAN STILL SEE THE LOOK OF HATE IN HIS EYES!

THAT FACE! IIII!

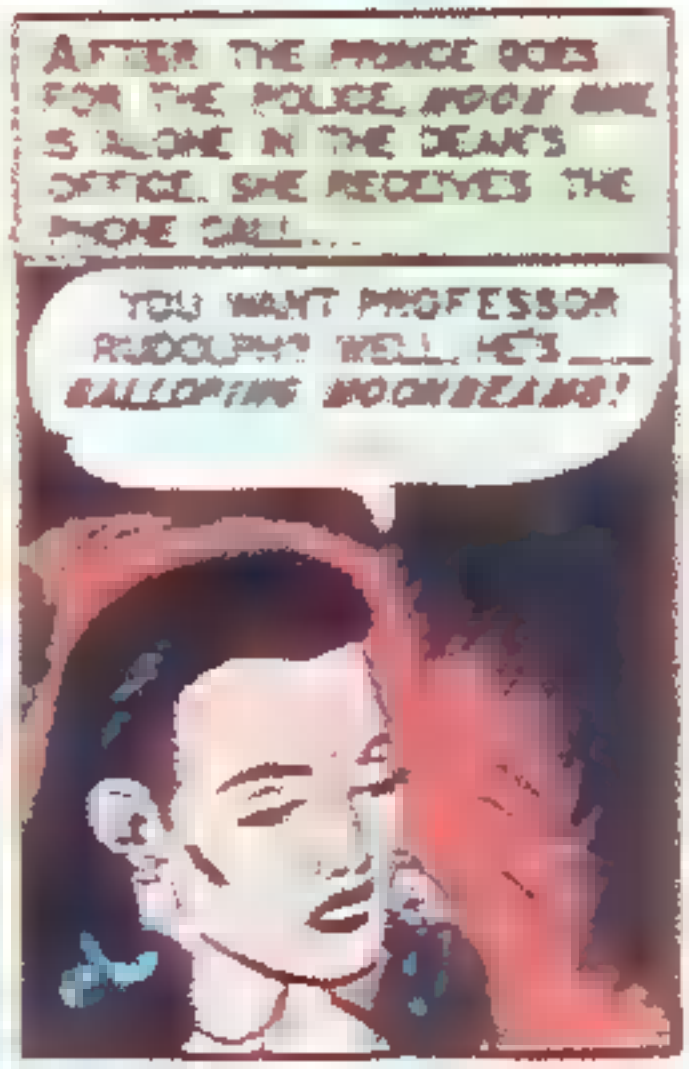
I SAW HIM IN THE MIRROR! JUST WHEN YOU TURNED FROM THE WINDOW!
YOU'RE A NERVOUS WRECK! BETTER GO UPSTAIRS AND GET SOME SLEEP!


CAN'T SLEEP! IT'S NO USE! I KEEP SEEING HIM!
KIRK! HELP!


IT'S MARIE! SHE SCREAMED!

GLP! S-SHE'S DEAD!

HE DID IT! I KNOW HE DID! I'M GOING TO CALL THE SCHOOL AND MAKE SURE IF HE'S STILL ALIVE...


AFTER THE PRINCE GOES FOR THE POLICE, MOON GIRL IS ALONE IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE. SHE RECEIVES THE PHONE CALL...
YOU WANT PROFESSOR RUDOLPH? WELL, HE'S ___ GALLOPING DOCKHEADS!

HE GAVE AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM, AND THE PHONE WENT DEAD! I HAD THE OPERATOR CHECK THE NUMBER FOR ME! HE WAS CALLING FROM PROFESSOR RUDOLPH'S HOME!

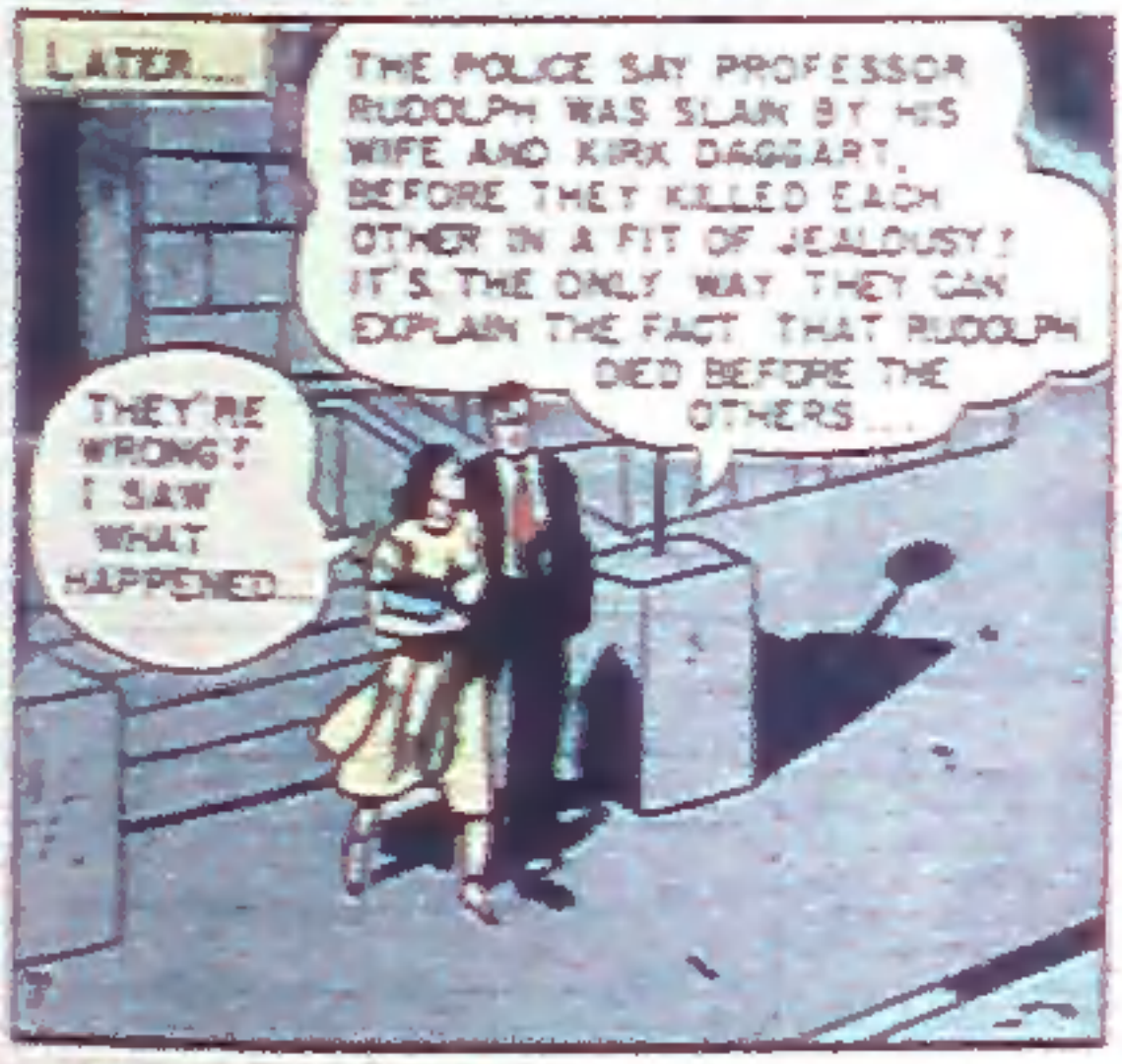
NOW YOU CAN BE TOGETHER! TOGETHER—IN DEATH!
PROFESSOR RUDOLPH!

HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? YOU KILLED TWO PEOPLE.
TWO WHO DESERVED TO DIE! THEY CONSPIRED BEHIND MY BACK... BETRAYED ME.

AND MURDERED ME! AGHHH...
PROFESSOR! YOU ARE HURT!

NO, I'M WRONG! PROFESSOR RUDOLPH'S DEAD! THERE IS A BULLET HOLE THROUGH HIS HEART!

AND HIS BODY IS COLD! RIGOR MORTIS IS SETTING IN! ACCORDING TO MEDICAL EVIDENCE, HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SEVERAL HOURS!


LATER...
THE POLICE SAY PROFESSOR RUDOLPH WAS SLAIN BY HIS WIFE AND KIRK DAGGART, BEFORE THEY KILLED EACH OTHER IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY! IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT RUDOLPH DIED BEFORE THE OTHERS...
THEY'RE WRONG! I SAW WHAT HAPPENED...

TWO PEOPLE WERE MURDERED. BY A COMPACT. PROFESSOR RUDOLPH PROVED HIS THEORY--AT THE COST OF HIS OWN LIFE! HE GOT HIS REVENGE--AFTER DEATH!

ATTENTION!

POCKET ADDING MACHINE

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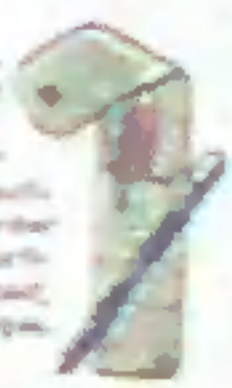
SAFE — EFFICIENT — REALLY CLEANS

A DYNAMIC VALUE AT $1.98



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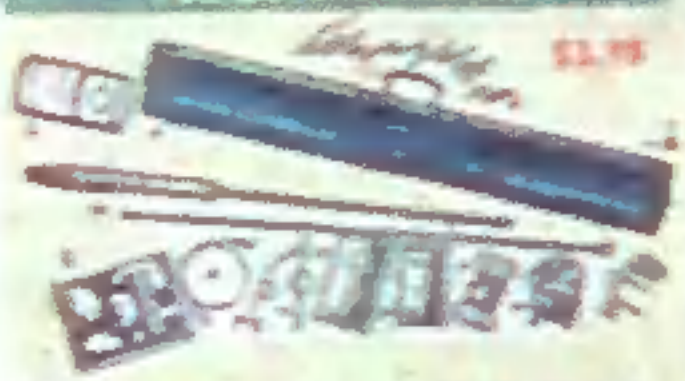

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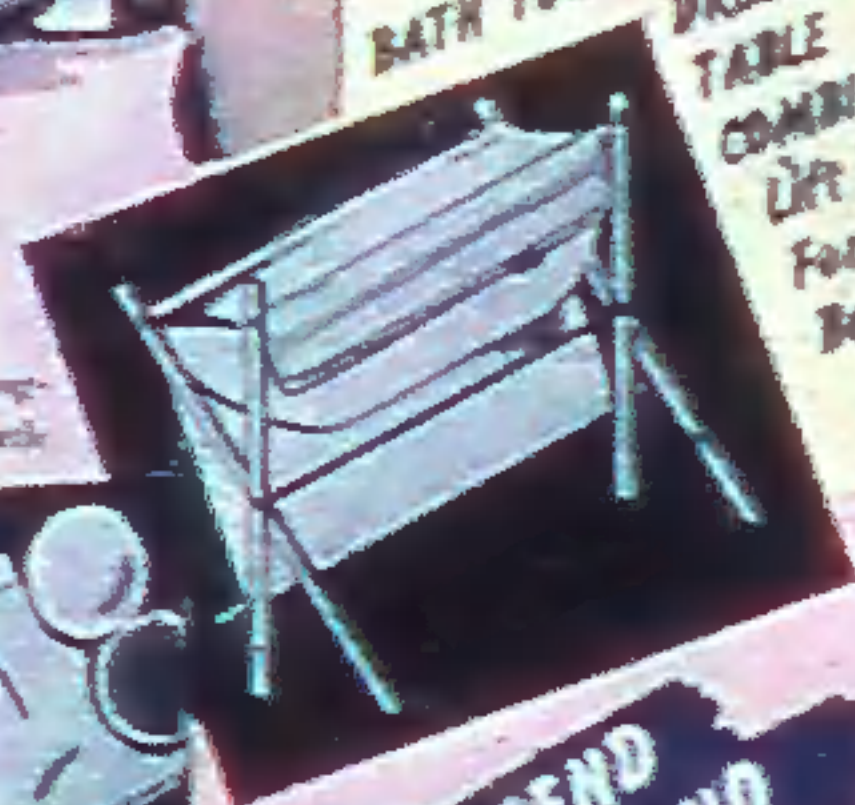

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